

THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1828.

CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG, ESQ.

OF the characters who make a conspicuous figure on the great theatre of life, few afford matter for the pen of the biographer; their history is scarcely personal; it belongs to their country, or to the particular profession with which they are connected. Such is that of Mr. Young, of whom we know but little, and yet that little is, in every way, so respectable and praiseworthy, that we cannot but regret that we are not included in the number of those who are privileged by a nearer and a more intimate acquaintance.

Mr. Young is the son of an eminent surgeon; and was born January 10th, 1777, in Fenchurch-street, in the city of London. The first rudiments of his education were acquired under a private tutor; at nine years of age, he went to Copenhagen, with a view to his future professional improvement, under the care of a distinguished Danish physician; with whom, however, he returned to England, after the absence of a year. During the next three years of his life, he was placed at Eton; where he attained the approbation of his superiors, and the esteem of his fellow-students. On leaving Eton, he was removed to the Merchant-Tailors' school, where, under the tuition of the learned Mr. Bishop, he remained until he completed his education.

We are informed, on respectable authority, that in his early youth he was remarkable for the ductility of his disposition, a facility in acquiring knowledge, and an abundant flow of animal spirits; yet he never was betrayed by his vivacity into

censurable conduct; nor was his career, at any time, disgraced by any of those irregularities which too often arise from the exuberance of genius and spirit. His inclination to the stage displayed itself at a very early age; being, as a boy, fond of reciting various popular pieces, suiting the action to the word, and declaiming with an energy and propriety that gave the full promise of his future excellence.

At the age of eighteen, Mr. Young was placed in the counting-house of an eminent mercantile firm in the city of London. In this situation his conduct was, indeed, irreproachable; but his passion for the stage, rendered the fatigues of business irksome, and he, therefore, determined on quitting its cares and its occupations altogether.

His first professional efforts were made at the little theatre in Tottenham-street, where he appeared with decided approbation and success. Animated by his good fortune, he now engaged with Mr. Aikin, of the Liverpool theatre, where he made his first appearance in the arduous character of Douglas, under the assumed name of Green; where his popularity daily and successfully increased, insomuch that he was emboldened to throw off his assumed name, and to appear before the world in his own. From Liverpool he went to Manchester, where an equal share of popularity followed his efforts. During 1800, 1801, and 1802, he was most successfully engaged, at the Glasgow theatre. On the 9th March, 1805, Mr. Young married the distinguished actress, Miss Grimaldi, of the Haymarket theatre, London; who, in the following year, fell a victim to a bilious fever, shortly after giving birth to an only child.

About this time, Mr. Young became joint proprietor of the Chester theatre, where he continued to enjoy a large measure of the public patronage, until his removal to the London boards in 1807, where he appeared at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Hamlet.

The destruction of the two patent theatres, by fire, induced Mr. Young again to leave the metropolis; but, in 1810, he became a member of the Covent-garden company. He was engaged to play seconds to John Kemble, and lead, during the absence of that gentleman. Kemble's absence from the metropolis gave our hero opportunities which he did not fail to seize; and as no one appeared to wrest the laurel from his brow, he was, for some time, deemed the first English actor.

Our hero joined Drury-lane company two or three years since, and there performed Iago to Kean's Othello, and Pierre to that gentleman's Jaffier. After this, he returned again to Covent-garden theatre, where the last original part he played was (we think) in Clarke's ill-fated tragedy of Ravenna.

Mr. Young is about five feet seven inches in height; now rather stout; his countenance is not very expressive, and bears the impress of anxiety; his complexion and eyes are dark.

D. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

Sir,

You have unconsciously, and, I doubt not, unwillingly, plunged me, and I fear many other parents, into much anxiety, and serious difficulty. I am the father of two daughters, on whom I have lavished all the care and expence which a fond parent, in my circumstances, could bestow; nor have I hitherto had to regret the many sacrifices of personal comfort, on my own part, by which their education and improvement have been purchased. As I have nothing of patrimony to bequeath them, save a father's blessing, I have, of late, being now both old and ill, been very solicitous to see them so far settled in life, as to be placed beyond the reach of destitution, in case of my decease. My elder daughter had, by her own choice, been long designed for a private governess; and I feel assured that few young women are better prepared for such a situation, whether we regard her principles, her manners, her temper, or her acquirements. But the perusal of the two last numbers of your magazine, have completely and visibly affected the health and determination of my poor Louisa. Miss Marden's fate seems to have operated on her mind with the most disheartening influence; her self-possession is destroyed; and she declares her utter incompetency to submit to the examination of ignorant purse-proud mothers: in short, her former determinations are totally reversed, and she now refuses to embark in that line of life, to which all her attention, and all my sacrifices, have been, for the last three years, directed. Now, Mr. Editor, what is to be done? Louisa cannot toil, like the children of poverty; nor will her own independent spirit, nor her father's pride, permit her to live on the bounty of others: the half-pay of a subaltern

is but a bare sufficiency for our daily support, and admits not of any reserve for the day of adversity: what resource, therefore, remains for the portionless daughters of those who have served their country, too uninterrupted and too faithfully, to allow of their laying up for the necessity of age, or the claims of helplessness? Mine, Mr. Editor, is not a solitary case. I know many of my former companions in arms and glory, whose last days are clouded by the painful anxieties which a parent's heart can alone adequately conceive, as to the destiny of their lovely, amiable, accomplished daughters: there was a time, when virtue, good sense, and a competent education, would have been enough of dowry for a young woman in the estimation of respectable young men. But, alas! Mr. Editor, the whole constitution of society is changed since I was young. Young men are now looking for fortunes, instead of wives; and in place of seeking independence by honest industry, are more intent on calculating a bride's fortune, than on estimating her virtues. Even when women without fortunes are sought, it too often happens that those very things gain a lover's heart which, soberly considered, should rather have rendered him cautious in forming engagements. But on this subject I will not trespass; only, Mr. Editor, be good enough to inform me to what my daughters are to be now destined? What plans must a parent pursue, who has nothing to bequeath to his family, but the recollection of his own services, and the ingratitudo of his country? who, having spent youth in toil and labour, and having shed his blood in the field of honour, has nothing in his old age to which he can look with complacency, but the virtues of those very beings, whom he must soon leave destitute, unprotected, and unportioned? As, by the introduction of Miss Marden's narrative, you have disturbed all our plans, I look to you, Mr. Editor, to suggest a remedy for the inconveniences to which you have, unconsciously I doubt not, subjected us: as my daughter's health and spirits are evidently affected, I trust you will give an early answer to,

Your obedient servant,

THEOPHILUS HANSON,

Captain H. P. 17th Regiment.

The Editor commends the subject of the above letter to the notice of his correspondents, as one well deserving their attention. It is not to be doubted but that much anxiety prevails on

this subject very generally ; and we shall feel obliged to any of our friends, who may suggest any thing by which it may be lessened.

CLIMATE AND SOIL MOST SUITABLE FOR
MANUFACTURE TO BUILD NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR.

I should feel obliged, Mr. Editor, if you would explain, in your succeeding number, the following passage, taken from the Ladies' Monthly Museum, for December, 1827.

In speaking of Nubia, Abyssinia, &c. it is said, " In early geography these countries were known as Ethiopia, of which a son of Solomon, by Queen Candace, was king. In the time of the apostles, Ethiopia was converted to Christianity by the chamberlain of Queen Candace, who was himself an early convert to its truth and influence."

Now I suppose this Solomon, is the great Solomon, King of Jews; and this Candace, is, I suppose, the celebrated Shaba, of whom the Ethiopians have a tradition, that she left her own country, and paid a visit to Solomon, by whom she had a son, who succeeded her in the kingdom, and that of his family there were four and twenty emperors.

Now pray, Mr. Editor, how is it possible that the chamberlain of this said Queen Candace could convert the inhabitants of Ethiopia to Christianity, when, if we suppose that he lived in the time of his mistress, he must have, at least, been eleven hundred years old, when Christianity was promulgated?

ELIZABETH.

In answer to Elizabeth's enquiry, we beg to state, on the authority of the Roman historian, Pliny, that Ethiopia had, for several generations, been governed by Queens, who bore the name of Candace. The Candace, whose chamberlain preached the Gospel to the Ethiopians, is generally supposed to be the Queen of that name, who, by magnificent presents, induced the Emperor Augustus to grant her peace, on her own terms, after the defeat of her army at Psilcha, by the Roman general Petrohius, then governor of Egypt.*

* We shall always feel happy to give a ready insertion to the queries of our readers ; and, should no answer be given by our correspondents, we will furnish it ourselves. Ex.

THE SIX CALENDARS;**OR,****SKETCHES OF LIFE, FROM THE KNIGHT'S CELL OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.***(Continued from page 10.)*

THE THIRD CALENDAR'S SCRAP BOOK.

My course has been, what the Italian translator, not so aptly, designated Johnson's Rambler—*il vagabondo!* In short, I have passed a kind of flying life, from one country to another; and having made a sort of pic-nic sketches of them all, both by pen and pencil, in a little short-hand book I carry in my carriage, where such a vehicle may go; or in front of my saddle, when a horse or a mule can alone find footing; I have only to scan my heads of places or circumstances, when any thing occurs parallel in after times, or I am excited to such recollections by what I see or hear. The other evening, chancing to be present at the inimitable performance of Miss Kelly, in the highly interesting national piece, it may be called, of "Alfred the Great," the corresponding circumstances of his place of retreat, and the devoted service of female fidelity he found there, with those recorded of Gustavus the Great of Sweden under similar adversities, instantly struck the answering chord in my memory; and, now turning to my tablet of traditions, taken down while exploring the remarkable scenery of the wild mountains of Dalecarlia—that Switzerland of Sweden, I find a few memoranda, which I should disparage the hearts of your fair readers, did I doubt their perusing with even a more intense sympathy than myself experienced, while visiting the scene, and listening to the particulars relative to the Swedish hero. Is not tenderness to the distressed, the characteristic of woman, even without respect to persons? but when she meets "the mighty fallen," then, peculiarly generous in her pity, it is her pride to humble herself, to be as a ministering handmaid at his feet. But to my travelling recollections.

After the murder of the chief lords of the senate by the usurper Christiern, a price being set on the head of Gustavus, he withdrew into the mountainous district of Dalecarlia; hoping to conceal himself amongst its simple inhabitants, and, perhaps, to at last excite the bravest of them to revolt against the

Danish yoke. At that time there was not a town of consequence in the whole province; nothing more than small villages, or a few congregated huts, situated on the borders of forests, or on the banks of lakes and rivers. Disguising himself as a peasant, he set forth to these rocky fastnesses, accompanied by a boor, to be his guide. He crossed over the whole country of Sudermania, then passed between Mercia and Westmonia, and, after the fatigues of a long and perilous journey, arrived safe at the mountains; but he had no sooner entered them, than, during his sleep, he was deserted by his attendant, who, robbing him of all the money and other necessaries he had provided for his subsistence, fled with the spoil, and was never heard of more. Gustavus, now alone, wandered up and down amongst those almost barren wastes, seeking his scanty food from the casual charity of the thinly scattered inhabitants, who, though brave, and hardy, were rude, and often savage in their manners. At length, to earn what he begged, he hired himself to work in one of the mines; and there, as a common labourer, unsuspected to have ever been any thing better, he continued to toil, until the effect of the atmosphere, (clouded in those subterraneous regions with the most pestilential vapours,) compelled him to seek refuge under the open canopy of heaven again. That heaven directed him to a spot, which I have seen, and entered with corresponding reverence. On the brow of a hill, on the side of a sequestered valley, not far from the mountain mine of Fahlun, just mentioned, stands the ancient little abode in question. It is of such modest architecture, a modern English traveller might suppose it a mere hind's cottage; but in the time of Gustavus, it was the paternal home of a Swedish gentleman; one, who owned hereditary property in the rugged soil around. It consisted, (when I saw it,) of a long barn-like building, constructed of fir-wood, cut on the outward surface, into the shapes of scales, and other grotesque fancies. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its recorded mistress, who, by her fidelity and presence of mind, was made the divine instrument for preserving the future deliverer of her country.

Gustavus, feeble and friendless—by Providence, rather than chance, on quitting the mine, wandering again amongst the mountain defiles, came to this lone house; which he soon learnt belonged to a gentleman of the name of Peterson, who had lately returned to it, to avoid the Danish exactions; and who,

Gustavus remembered to have known in the armies, serving against the present usurper. Indeed, the unfortunate hero had bestowed some marks of confidence, and distinctions, on this officer; which, he now supposed, could not but secure him even a welcome reception; and, entering the house, he took its master aside. A few words unfolded who his guest was; and the wanderer was immediately recognised with every demonstration of joy, and devoted reverence, by his host. Indeed he seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such indignation against his enemies, that, instead of waiting a hint from him, for taking up arms at some future day, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared, that himself and serfs, would be the first to set an example, and erect a standard for the freedom of Sweden, under their former heroic leader. Gustavus was transported with this zeal, and with answering enthusiasm in the just cause, said every thing to confirm so patriotic a resolution. Peterson replied with repeated vows of fidelity; and, during a long conference, mentioned an instantaneously devised plan for beginning the meritorious enterprize, and enumerated the chief persons in the district, whom his arguments and influence would move to be their supporters and instruments. He also remarked, that no time should be lost, and he would set about his embassy immediately. Gustavus fell into all his views; and promising not to reveal himself to any other man, during his host's absence, in the course of a day or two after his own arrival at the house, he saw its master depart on his patriotic circuit.

But the direct reverse of his promises were in the head of Peterson. In hope of a rich reward, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this baseness, he had not daringness enough to face his victim; but telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, "who," he said, "was not at all on his guard, for he supposed himself a guest with a friend!" he added, that he himself would make a round; not wishing to reach his home till the prisoner were taken away. "It will be an easy matter; no opposition can be made," continued he, "for not even my wife knows it is Gustavus."

Accordingly, the Danish officer, at the head of a body of

well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the place. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Peterson's wife, though a lady, in the homely occupation of culinary preparations; but such was the fashion, in those simple times. At some distance from her, sat a young man in a common countryman's habit, lopping off the branch knobs from the broken limb of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her, he came in King Christiern's name, to demand the rebel Gustavus, who, he had received information, was then concealed under her roof. Mrs. Peterson, though amazed, never changed colour; and immediately guessing that the man her husband had introduced to her as a poor miner's son, must be the Swedish hero, she instantly replied—and without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise—"If you mean the melancholy gentleman, my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood, on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, for he has no arms with him." The door, to which she had turned her head, was blocked up by soldiers. The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner, and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him; but, in the moment, his eye chanced to fix on Gustavus; she saw it in the instant, and flying at the prince, with sudden wrath in her countenance, caught one of the fragments of stick out of his hand, exclaiming, "Unmannerly dolt! what, sit before your betters?—Don't you see the king's officers in the room?—Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" While speaking, she struck him a blow on the back with all her might; and opening a side door, "Here," cried she, "get into the scullery—the fittest place for such scum!" and flinging the stick after him, as if intending another blow, she banged the door on him. "Sure," added she, in a great chafe, "never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave?" The officer begged she would not disturb her equanimity on his account, or her household's either, for he should soon relieve her of his presence, when once his men brought their prisoner back. But she, in the same strenuous manner, affecting great reverence for a royal representative, prayed him to enter her parlour, to which she would herself bring him respectfully, the refreshments he must need. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps, glad to get rid of the noise and importunities of a shrew;

and, as soon as she had shut the parlour-door on him, she hurried into the scullery with a steaming-pan in her hand, as if to empty its contents; and, having bolted that door behind her, to secure herself from observation during the few minutes she employed in liberating her prisoner there; she thrust him into a certain private little apartment, which opened near the drain of the scullery, and the seat of which projected from the side of the house in that quarter directly over the margin of the lake there, where the household fishing-boats lay. A few words told him, how to lower himself through the convenient aperture in that cabinet, and how to make use of one of the little vessels; and giving him a direction to an honest curate, who lived across that remote piece of water, committed her future sovereign to the care of Providence, while he made his path sure to a boat, unmoored it, and rowed swiftly towards the mid islets of the lake; so hiding himself, and his course amongst their mazy channels, while the lady returned to the Dane laden with provisions, and in that way engaged his attention till the soldiers brought back intelligence to their comrades also regaling in the kitchen, that their search had been fruitless. The observations which she then heard from the officer, and the new directions he gave, gradually betrayed to the heroic woman the vileness of her husband; and, therefore, when he appeared, which was that same evening, even to him she pretended that Gustavus had gone out to the wood. The circumstance of the chastised servant, being nothing uncommon amongst the good housewives of those days, not exciting any suspicion in the Dane's mind, was not noticed by him to her husband; and, as guilt easily believes itself doubted, Peterson uttered his own real suspicions to the officer, that the incendiary Swede had got some scent of his design to yield him up, and accordingly had seized that pretence of a lonely walk to effect his escape. As there were none in the lady's confidence, the new retreat of Gustavus remained totally undiscovered, till, assisted by the faithful curate, and some other sincere friends to the country, he appeared openly at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, to assert, and achieve its hereditary independence.

So profoundly was I impressed with the memory of this great prince, even more invincible in mind, than in arms, that I looked on the house which had once sheltered him, and in which female nobleness had shone so beautifully, with

a kind of holy veneration. I entered it, attended by an old dame, who lives in an adjoining hut, for the purpose of shewing this interesting relic of antiquity to curious strangers. The room in which Gustavus slept, with his very bedstead, is most sacredly preserved. It is a huge, unwieldy square frame of common fir, with a straw mattress: he had nothing more costly, and that was all its trappings when he reposed there, with the addition of a coarse rug. But now, the present proprietor of the place, who is a descendant from the fair patriot, and who is well worthy her virtues, though, perhaps with more zeal than true taste, has added to the old bedstead, as a mark of his respect, sumptuous hangings surmounted with a diadem, and a coverlid of silk embroidered with the Swedish crowns. This anomalous finery, certainly breaks in upon the genuine nobility of the sentiment with which we enter the cottage-abode, and almost destroys the peculiar enthusiasm, which the ancient simplicity of his chamber and couch, would have increased to a pitch of the purest delight. When we recollect that it was so, it is then that we view him, without any adventitious ornament, as the greatest of men; in a peasant's garb, on a peasant's straw, (his royalty being proclaimed by his virtues alone;) he is worthy to be the king of a brave and upright people. The gilded crown, and embroidered mantle, are common to any sovereign; and the sight of these decorations in such a place, confuses the hero with the trappings of state, and the picture becoming indistinct, our reflections take the same vague complexion.

In addition to this regal canopy, the present owner has brought together other relics of relative interest; particularly a suit of armour, surmounted by a sculptured head, helmeted, &c. to represent Gustavus. There are also the effigies of two Dalecarlian peasants, who had proved faithful guides, and attendants on the hero.—Nothing can be more characteristic of what those people were, in the century they rendered themselves so justly celebrated for their adherence to the true glory of their country—national freedom, protected by a native prince. They are clothed in white woollen habits, with high-crowned hats; and are armed with cross-bows, the requisite appendages to such weapons, hanging from a leather belt over their shoulders. The quiver is slung to their sides, well filled with iron-pointed arrows. A portrait of the heroine who saved the

king, is perhaps one of the most rivetting ornaments of the room. It exhibits a plain, honest, but firm countenance, and is dressed with the utmost rusticity.

The kitchen, or hall part of these sort of abodes, has much resemblance to what may be found in the little old farm-houses of England in the remote parts of the northern counties,—namely, being the largest apartment in the house, with a huge hearth, for the burning, usually, of wood fuel. It is comfortably appointed with long tables, and forms, for the service, often of the master and his guests, as well as of their attendants. The beds are generally in the wainscoat, one over the other, like those in the cabin of a ship, and are shut in with sliding pannels in the day. The stock of eatables being usually dried fish, and cakes, are part of the decorations of the room, with the fishing tackle, &c. and a large chest, containing the household wardrobe, standing under the shelf-range of plates, pots, and pans, completes the furniture. Such was the simple abode, which had given shelter to the bravest and noblest of Swedish princes; and its parallel appearance, to what is described of the neat-herd's cottage, which gave a similarly timely refuge to our great and glorious British monarch Alfred, has drawn this little sketch of past recollections from the pen of an old traveller, but a new member of the Calender's Cell,

CAPTAIN ANSON PORTMORE.

J. P.

(To be continued.)

VARIATIONS OF CLIMATE IN COLOMBIA.

IT is one of the most curious natural phenomena of the new world, that the inhabitants of the mountainous regions can pass, in the same day, from the burning climate of the coast of central Africa, to that of the frozen regions of Lapland; a transition which is without danger, because it is not sudden; and a man may change his climate according to circumstances and the strength of his constitution. Thus invalids of Santa Fé, who cannot bear the cold, which is often severe, go in search of warmth, as people visit France to take the waters, yet with the singular advantage of finding a milder temperature, before the end of the day on which they set out.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(Continued from page 24.)

NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE REGION OF MOUNT ATLAS, BARBARY, AND ZAHARA.

FROM the Egyptian Delta and the Pyramids, we have ascended the Nile as far as we enjoyed the assistance of History, and of the journals of European travellers. Before attempting to penetrate the mysterious centre of Northern Africa, we shall complete our view of its more accessible parts, turning our attention, in the first place, to mount Atlas and the pillars of Hercules. A straight line passing from the Cataracts of the Nile to Cape Blanco or the mouth of the Senegal, will form the southern boundary to the region now to be described. Here physical geography presents us with two leading and characteristic phenomena; the greatest desert in the known world, and one of the most extensive mountain chains. These two features belong to two distinct regions. We shall first trace that of mount Atlas, to which the common practice of Arabian and European geographers has given the name of Barbary, or, more properly Berbery, from the Arabic name of the most ancient, indigenous race of its inhabitants.

Mount Atlas has a certain degree of poetical celebrity, being represented by Homer and Herodotus as one of the pillars of heaven. According to Virgil,* "Atlas is a hero metamorphosed into a rock. His robust limbs are converted into pillars; he bears on his shoulders the entire heavens with all their orbs, without feeling oppression from their weight. His head, crowned

* Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice fulcit;
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbris;
Nix humeros infusa tegit; tum flumina mento
Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.

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with a forest of pines, is continually girt with clouds, or battered with winds and storms. A mantle of snow covers his shoulders, and rapid torrents flow down his venerable beard." But this venerable mountain is, at present, obscurely known to Europeans, and we wait for some fortunate traveller to give us a satisfactory and complete description of it. The great height of mount Atlas is proved by the perpetual snows which cover its summits in the east part of Morocco, under the latitude of 32° N. According to Humboldt's principles, these summits must be 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. Leo Africanus, who travelled here in the month of October, narrowly escaped being buried in an avalanche of snow. In the state of Algiers, the snow disappears on the tops of Jurjura and of Felizia in the month of May, and covers them again before the end of September.

The fertility of this region has ever been celebrated; nor has a horrible government, and a want of civilization among its inhabitants, been able to annihilate the bounties of nature. Blessed with a serene and invigorating climate, tempered by the ocean on one side, and the snowy ridges of Atlas on the other; with a soil which only requires irrigation to become a garden; and numerous rivers by which that irrigation may be always procured; these countries seem destined by nature to be the granary of the world, and to unite by a singular felicity the naval resources of the north, with the luxuriant fertility of more southern regions. Large quantities of corn are here raised for exportation; the olive and the vine flourish with uncommon vigour; whilst the sides of the fertile mountains are covered with forests of the finest timber. The shade, the coolness, the bright verdure, the diversity of the flowers, widely diffusing the most delightful odours and perfumes, combine to charm the senses.

Amid the various species of the animal kingdom known in this part of Africa, we can only notice one, known as the Camel of the desert; by which nature has supplied the inhabitants of the desert of Zahara with the means of crossing the immense deserts of Western Africa, in a few days. Mounted on the *heiree*, or camel, which resembles the dromedary, and is only distinguished from it by a greater elegance of figure, the Arab, after tying up his loins, his breast, and his ears, to protect himself from the blasts of a dangerous wind, traverses, with the speed of an arrow, that burning desert, the fiery atmosphere

of which deeply affects respiration, and is almost sufficient to suffocate the unwary traveller. The motions of this animal are so harsh and violent, that no person could bear them without all the patience, the abstinence, and toilsome habits of the Arabs.

The Arab, in his figurative phraseology, thus describes the fleetness of the camel of the desert: "When you meet a heiree, and say to the rider, *salem alik!* (peace be with you,) he is out of sight before he can return the alike *salem*; for he flies like the wind." Mr. Jackson relates facts on this subject, which are almost incredible. A heiree arrived at Senegal in seven days from Mogodore, having traversed 14 degrees of latitude, and, including the windings of the road, had travelled 1000 or 1100 English miles, making 150 in a day. A Moor of Mogodore mounted his heiree in the morning, went to Morocco, which is 100 English miles off, and returned in the evening of the same day with a parcel of oranges, for which one of his women had longed. Our author allows that these facts put the faith of the reader to a severe test; but three older travellers give similar accounts. It is at the same time added, that camels of this quality are but few.*

To the preceding physical delineation, which is applicable to the states of Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, we shall subjoin an equally general view of the inhabitants.

The inhabitants of the towns and cultivated plains are distinguished by the name of Moors. Though they speak a dialect of the Arabic, abounding in expressions peculiar to themselves, their physical constitution—their complexion, which is whiter than that of the Arabs—their countenance, which is more full—the less elevated nose, and less expressive physiognomy—all serve to shew that they are descended from a mixture of the ancient Mauritaniens and Numidians, with the Phoenicians, Romans, and Arabs. The accounts given by European travellers make the moral character of this people a compound of every vice. Avaricious and debauched; blood-thirsty and effeminate; greedy, yet idle; revengeful, yet fawning; they do not redeem these vices by a single good quality. But may we not suppose that the hatred which the Moors have vowed against their Chris-

* These facts are corroborated by every writer on Africa, from the earliest ages. See *Quarterly Review*. Vol. ii. p. 447.

tian persecutors, ever since they were driven out of Spain, has excited corresponding feelings among our travellers? Nor would it be astonishing that the inhabitants of the desert regions, constantly exposed to the danger of becoming the prey of famine, or of being surprised by enemies, should be cruel and perfidious. Wherever the soil is ungrateful, man is gloomy, barbarous, and greedy of plunder; the spoils of the victims which necessity or ferocity compels him to immolate, are the only harvests which he reaps in these desolate regions.

To live in so frightful a country, requires a strength of constitution greatly superior to that of other people. This advantage nature has bestowed on the Moors. They are of middle stature, but their agility is unequalled. If they have to cross a river, they can defy the most skilful swimmers; their features are handsome and regular, but perfidy is painted in their looks. Their hair, which curls naturally, has all the gracefulness of that of Europeans; and their spare frames enable them to sustain the fatigues of long journeys, but not those of agriculture.

If gold is valuable in their estimation, it is not for themselves that they seek it, but for the purpose of adorning their wives; and barter, is the kind of traffic, which they, in common with all the African tribes, prefer.

When ten years old, the Moors go out to war; at this age they know how to manage a horse, and use a musquet; the sons of princes are more particularly distinguished for audacity. One of them, named Alycoury, scarcely nine years of age, was not afraid to go alone, and carry off a sheep from the midst of the Moorish shepherds, who were tending their flocks; he sprang upon his horse, laid across the stolen beast, and threatened to kill the shepherds who pursued him: intimidated at the musquet which this boy levelled at them, they durst not make further efforts to stop him. Alycoury was generally naked; he was observed one day, not without much surprise, clothed in a beautiful white tunic. "Whither are you going?" said a person to him. "To my camp," replied he; "my tributaries are disposed to be refractory, and my presence will make them return to their duty." In ten years more, an European education would have made this child a hero.

The weapons of the Moors are the same as our own, but the want of discipline renders them inferior to ours in combat. Being obliged to travel immense distances in quest of their prey,

they naturally esteem no other force than cavalry; most of them, therefore, possess horses whose swiftness is unequalled. They have, also, camels, oxen, and sheep, which supply them with flesh and milk, upon which they subsist, as well as hair with which they manufacture the covering of their tents. Their camels carry the baggage and merchandize; it is also upon these animals that they convey to the stations the gum which they have collected in the forests, where it exudes from the trunks and branches of the *Acacia Senegalensis*.

The Moors are Mahometans, and belong chiefly to the fanatical sect called Maleki. They, like the fanatics of many other religions, consider their piety as compensating for every moral defect, and heresy as a stain which can scarcely be rendered more tolerable by the brightest assemblage of modern virtues. They have among them many saints, some distinguished by their absolute inaction, others by a turbulent and mischievous insanity. These last have been seen to knock down an ass and devour the flesh still reeking and bloody. Several of the Emperor's horses have been raised to the dignity of saintship; one, in particular, when Commodore Stewart, in 1720, was there, was held in such reverence by the Monarch, that any person who had committed the most enormous crime, or had even killed a prince of the blood royal, was perfectly secure as soon as he laid hold of the sainted animal. Several Christian captives, had, by this manœuvre, saved their lives. When his Majesty intended to confer a signal mark of favour, he and his horse drank successively from the same bowl, and then caused it to be handed to the distinguished individual. These people are addicted, in an uncommon degree, to a superstitious belief in the influence of evil eyes. An emperor of Morocco kept his son in a state of rigorous confinement, to preserve him from that fatal influence. One part of their marriage ceremonies, is, to make a solemn procession for the express purpose of ascertaining the purity of the betrothed maid; for in no part of the world do the men discover more sensitive jealousy, both before and after wedlock.

The population of the Barbary States is composed of two great and distinct classes, the Berebbers, and the Arabs.* Of these people we offer the following general notice, as given by good authority*.

* Quarterly Review, vol. xv. p. 156.

The Berebbers are described as an athletic, hardy, and enterprising people; very patient of hunger and fatigue; of regular and handsome features, but of a ferocious expression. Their whole dress consists of a woollen jacket, without sleeves, leaving the arms naked and free, and a pair of trowsers. They are almost universally robbers, and commit all manner of excesses on the unhappy traveller who falls into their clutches, unrestrained by any feelings of religion or humanity. Tenacious of liberty, they are under little or no controul of the sovereign to whom they are nominally subjects, and one or other of the tribes is generally at war with the troops sent to collect the taxes, or with the Arabs of the plains. But ferocious and faithless as they are described to be, they are no less eminently distinguished for hospitality than the Arabs. A traveller furnished with their protection, which, however, must be purchased, may pass unmolested through every part of their country; but without such protection from some of their chiefs, he will be betrayed, plundered, and murdered, without the smallest scruple. This extraordinary race of men is divided into a great number of petty tribes or clans, distinguished by the names of their several patriarchs or founders, who are generally celebrated for some particular act of devotion, or some extraordinary exploit; for though the sword of the successors of Mahomet failed to conquer them, they made a shew of submitting to the precepts of the koran, and to the commander of the faithful. They cultivate the ground, and feed cattle; reside in mud huts, and sometimes, towards the upper parts of the mountains, in caverns, like the ancient Troglodytes; but lower down, they build houses or hovels of stone and timber, which are generally situated on some rising ground, or the summits of hills difficult of access; sometimes surrounded with walls in which are loop-holes for defending their habitations with musketry. They make their own fire-arms, and are accounted excellent marksmen. The Shilluh Berebbers are represented as implacable in their enmities, and insatiable in their revenge. Mr. Dupuis mentions a remarkable instance of this to which he was an eye-witness. A Shilluh having murdered a Shilluh in a quarrel, fled to the Arabs, to avoid the vengeance of the relative of the deceased; but not feeling himself secure even there, he performed a pilgrimage to Mecca; returning about nine years afterwards with the sacred character of a Hadjee, he immediately proposed a reconciliation with

the friends of the deceased; they attempted to seize him, but the fleetness of his horse favoured his escape to Mogodore; they pursued him to this place, and notwithstanding the attempts of the governor to effect a reconciliation, the fugitive was put in prison. They then hastened to Morocco to demand justice of the emperor, who was interested in the fate of the prisoner, and offered a pecuniary compensation for the loss of their friend, which was strenuously rejected. They returned to Mogodore with the emperor's order for the delivery of the prisoner into their hands; they conveyed the unhappy man without the walls of the town, where one of the party loaded his musket before the face of his victim, placed the muzzle to his breast, and shot him through the body; then, drawing his dagger, stabbed him to the heart. "The calm intrepidity," says Mr. Dupuis, "with which this unfortunate Shilluh stood to meet his fate, could not be witnessed without the highest admiration; and, however much we must detest the blood-thirstiness of his executioners, we must still acknowledge that there is something closely allied to nobleness of sentiment in the inflexible perseverance with which they pursued the murderer of their friend to punishment, without being diverted from their purpose, by the strong inducements of self-interest.*

The Arabs, strictly speaking, compose the most numerous class of the population. They are scattered over every part of Northern Africa, and are found even in the great desert, to the confines of Soudan. Those of the plains, who dwell in tents, may be considered as the unmixed offspring of the Saracen invaders of the country. They are a fine race of men; tall and muscular, with good features and intelligent countenances; the eye large, black, and piercing; the nose somewhat arched; the teeth regular and white as ivory; the beard full and bushy; and the hair strong, straight, and universally black; the colour of the skin, in the northern parts, a bright, clear brunette, darkening gradually into perfect blackness, but still without the Negro features as we approach the country of Soudan. They are cultivators of the earth, and breeders of cattle. They live invariably in tents made of a coarse stuff of camel's or goat's hair and the fibrous root of the palmeta; in families that vary in number, from ten or twelve to a hundred. They

* Appendix to Adams's Narrative.

all belong to their respective tribes, each having its own sheik, or chief, who explains the koran, administers justice, and settles disputes in the same way as the patriarchs of old; and as is still the case on the plains of Asia, from which they originally came. At each encampment is a tent set apart for religious worship and the reception of strangers—the Mehma Khanu of the Belooches.

Impatient of restraint, and fondly attached to independence, few Arabs are found in any of the towns; but they bring their produce to market, pitching their tents on the nearest spot where grass and water are met with. They are almost always at war, either with one another, or with the Berebbers; or, like these people, with the troops of their respective Moorish sovereigns, who are sent to collect the taxes; and their hostilities are carried on with the most savage brutality, sparing neither age nor sex. War may be said to be the wandering Arabs' trade; and plundering, his revenue. When they have neither quarrels among themselves nor their neighbours, they usually seek for hire among the beys or bashaws, as auxiliary troops. One common sentiment of hatred to Christians, seems to pervade the whole community. More violent than the Moor or Berebber, he is however less treacherous, and seldom conceals his antipathy. The hospitality of an Arab is proverbial; but it exerts itself no farther than the little circumference of the plain of which his encampment is the centre; beyond this he feels no compunction in plundering or murdering the guest, whom he had fed, lodged, and protected, the preceding night. We shall extract one anecdote from the Narrative of Mr. Tully, the British Consul, strongly characteristic of the savage hospitality of this warlike people.—

"A chief of a party of the Bey's (of Tripoli) troops, pursued by the Arabs, lost his way, and was benighted near the enemy's camp. Passing the door of a tent that was open, he stopped his horse and implored assistance, being almost overcome and exhausted with fatigue and thirst. The warlike Arab bid his enemy enter his tent with confidence, and treated him with all the hospitality and respect, for which his people are so famous. The highest among them, like the heroes of old, wait on their guest. A man of rank, when visited by a stranger, quickly fetches a lamb from his flock and kills it, and his wife superintends her women in dressing it in the best manner.

With some of the Arabs, the primitive custom of washing the feet, is yet adopted, and this compliment is performed by the head of the family. Their supper was the best of the fattest lamb roasted; their dessert, dates and dried fruit; and the lady of the tent, to honour more particularly her husband's guest, set before him a dish of bosseen, of her own making. It was flour and water kneaded into a paste, and left on a cloth to rise, while the fire was lighted; then throwing it on the embers and turning it often, it was half-baked, broken into pieces, and kneaded again with new milk, oil, and salt, made into the shape of a pudding and garnished with madeed, which is small bits of mutton, dried and salted in the highest manner.

"Though these two chiefs were opposed in war, they talked with candour and friendship to each other, recounting the achievements of themselves and their ancestors, when a sudden paleness overspread the countenance of the host. He started from his seat and retired, and in a few moments afterwards, sent word to his guest that a bed was prepared, and all things ready for his repose; that he was not well himself, and could not attend to finish his repast; that he had examined the Moor's horse, and found it too much exhausted to bear him through a hard journey the next day; but that before sun-rise an able horse with every accomodation, would be ready at the door of the tent, where he would meet him and expect him to depart with all expedition. The stranger, not able to account farther for the conduct of his host, retired to rest. An Arab waked him in time to take refreshment before his departure, which was ready prepared for him, but he saw none of the family till he perceived, on reaching the door of his tent, the master of it holding the bridle of the horse, and supporting the stirrups for him to mount, which is done among the Arabs as the last office of friendship. No sooner was the stranger mounted than his host announced to him that, through the whole of the enemy's camp, he had not so great an enemy as himself. 'Last night,' said he, 'in the exploits of your ancestors you discovered to me the murderer of my father. There lie all the habits he was slain in, (which at that moment were brought to the door of the tent,) over which, in the presence of my family, I have many times sworn to revenge his death, and to seek the blood of his murderer from sun-rise to sun-set. The sun has not yet risen, the sun will be no more than risen when I pursue you after

you have in safety quitted my tent, where, fortunately for you, it is against our religion to molest you after your having sought my protection and found a refuge there; but all my obligations cease as soon as we part, and from that moment you must consider me as one determined on your destruction, in whatever part, or at whatever distance we may meet again. You have not mounted a horse inferior to the one that stands ready for myself; on its swiftness surpassing that of mine, depends one of our lives, or both.' After saying this, he shook his adversary by the hand, and parted from him. The Moor profiting of the few moments he had in advance, reached the bey's army in time to escape his pursuer, who followed him closely as near the enemy's camp as he could with safety."*

The Arab women are relieved from the drudgery of tilling the land, but they grind the corn in the primitive mill, consisting of a moveable stone, with a handle, turned round on a fixed one; and weave the coarse web with the simplest of all looms—two or three pieces of stick.—They also prepare the cooscosoo, or granulated paste, in which is smothered any kind of animal food; a dish universally in use from Arabia to the shores of the Atlantic, and not unlike the pilaw of India, the granulated flour of wheat being substituted for rice. The women also milk the cattle, look after the poultry, and are generally employed in all the domestic concerns which fall to the lot of the weaker sex, in the civilized countries of Europe. The whole family sleep in the same tent, generally on sheep skins. Each parent furnishes his child on marriage with a tent, a stone hand-mill, a basket, a wooden bowl, two earthen dishes, and as many camels, cows, sheep, and goats, as circumstances will allow.

The Jews.—The intolerance and oppression which this singular people suffered in Spain and Portugal, drove vast multitudes of them to seek shelter among the barbarians of Africa. It has been loosely stated that 100,000 took refuge in Morocco, and about half that number in the other Barbary states. Most of the trades and professions are exercised by Jews; they farm the revenues, act as commissaries and custom-house officers, as secretaries and interpreters; they coin money, furnish and fabricate all the jewellery, gold and silver ornaments and trap-

* Mr. Tully's Narrative, p. 78.

pings for the Sultans, Beys, and Bashaws, and their respective harems; and in return for all this, they are oppressed by the higher ranks, and reviled and insulted by the rabble. They live chiefly in great towns confined to a particular quarter, in miserable mud-built hovels, surrounded with filth; but this appearance of poverty does not save their purses; they are subject to arbitrary impositions, and pay a capitation-tax from a certain age. If the period of payment be disputed, a string is put round the lad's neck, and afterwards doubled in length, and put in his mouth, if then and thus it pass over his head, he is deemed an object of taxation. Each Jew appears in person to pay his quota; and this being done, a Moor touches them on the head with a switch, and says, "jump!" whereupon the Jew goes his way*.

Black being a hated colour among the Moors, is the only one permitted to the Jews. In walking the streets, they are subject to every kind of insult, even from children; should a Jew raise his hand in self-defence, it is lopped off; but if the Jew be murdered by a Mussulman, the life of the latter is not in the least danger. Keatinge says, that "a few days before the embassy reached Morocco, a Moor had murdered a Jewish merchant, cut his body into pieces, and thrown them into the shafts or ventillators of the aqueduct. The Jews, by a sedulous search, discovered the murderer, who was seized and thrown in prison, where he was to undergo the bastinado; but the Jews being impatient, collected in crowds round the Palace, and clamoured for justice. The Sultan, thus assailed, ordered his guards to drive the infidels to their quarter, and imposed a heavy fine on them for their audacity." A Moor may enter a Jew's house, disturb the family at unseasonable hours, and insult the women; yet the Israelite dares not to insinuate to him the slightest hint, that his walking out as soon as it suited his convenience would be any way acceptable. In passing a Mosque, they must pull off their slippers, and walk bare-footed. The task of burying executed criminals, devolves on the Jews. The wild beasts in the menagerie, are fed and cleaned by them. It was frequently necessary, in some of the Western parts of Morocco, to carry Europeans, wishing to land, through the surf of the Atlantic; it would be degradation in a Moor to

* Keatinge.

carry a Christian, and he is therefore hoisted upon the shoulders of an Israelite. He can neither shift his place of residence, without special permission, nor ride a horse, nor wear a sword. Though the Jew must appear in black clothing, in the streets, yet in his own quarter, he dresses in splendid, but oddly assorted, finery. Their friendly meetings are generally held on the house-top, where, on the Sabbaths and holidays, the men appear in velvet, and laced like Spanish admirals, with a greasy night-cap on the head, just barely shewing that it had once been white, surmounted by a great three-cocked hat, with a broad gold lace. The ladies, too, are loaded with jewels, and the daughters of Israel, in this part of Africa, are said to preserve the two characteristics of female beauty—an expressive set of features, and fine dark eyes, neither of which is improved by the unsparing use of paint. Their dress consists of a fine linen shirt, with loose sleeves hanging almost to the ground; over this a caftan of cloth or velvet, reaching to the hips, and open in front to expose the neck and bosom; the edges, generally of green cloth, are also broidered, and a broad sash of silk and gold round the waist, with the ends hanging down behind: a silk sash binds the hair, with the ends flowing loose; and red slippers, embroidered with gold, complete the costume. The young Jewess is not permitted to go out, without her face muffled up in the manner of the Moors; but the matrons may appear in public unveiled; and though the elderly ladies are exceedingly strict, with regard to the conduct of the young ones, they are said to be by no means averse to a little gallantry on their own account.

(To be continued.)

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE remains of a fine Roman villa have been recently discovered near Helpstone, between Stamford and Peterborough. Mr. Artis, well known for his successful antiquarian researches, has caused the spot to be explored; and his investigation has been rewarded by finding a tessellated pavement, of superior workmanship. The same gentleman has discovered a complete iron foundry of the Romans near Wansford.

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

(Continued from page 35.)

Oh! she was young, but sorrow, on her brow
Had stamped his iron signet: Dire disease
Had stolen the roses from her cheek and lip;
And dimmed the azure of her eyes with tears.

FRANCIS awoke next morning by break of day; and finding himself not disposed to sleep again, he started from his bed, determined to take a long stroll into the country, before breakfast.

The principal streets in the town were still in profound silence; but, on approaching the suburbs, he found trade stirring, and the busy children of labour already awake and abroad. As he sauntered down a narrow alley, which made a short cut into the common, his attention was arrested by the passionate weeping of a female, in a wretched little hovel, situated at the extremity of the lane, and detached from the neighbouring houses. The door was open, and the angle of the projecting wall, at the corner of the lane, while it concealed Francis from observation, gave him an opportunity of looking directly into the house, which stood back on the common, detached from the regular line of buildings.

A delicate, but emaciated, young woman was seated on a low stool, just within the door, holding a sickly babe on her lap; another child, whose age did not exceed four years, being seated on the ground, at her feet. Her dress, which had once been good, was now old and soiled; and, in spite of the removal of paint and finery, Francis, with feelings of painful commiseration, discovered in the faded, half famished being, before him, the Viola of the preceding night.

She was very, very young, and her heart seemed bursting with grief. The eldest child cried, and held up its little hands; she drew it to her knees, and kissed it with great tenderness. The innocent creature twined her little arms round her mother's neck, and wiped the tears out of her eyes.

"Do not cry, mamma; I am not very hungry, and papa will

soon come home." The poor young woman pressed her half-starved prattler to her bosom, and gave way to a fresh gush of sorrow. The entrance of a slight, genteel-looking young man, roused her from the uncontrolled indulgence of grief.

She raised her streaming eyes to his face, without venturing to speak, with such a piteous look of hopeless enquiry, that it cut Francis to the heart.

The actor understood her mournful appeal, and sighing deeply, shook his head.—"Alas! what shall we do?" she cried, wringing her hands: "Did you really see him?"

"Yes, Lucy, I did."

"Will he not have compassion on us? will he not pity our distress?" "My dear Lucy, it is out of his power to advance a single farthing before the middle of next week; you know we are already deeply in his debt."

"But, Richard, what will become of us? Our landlady insists on being paid; and these poor children must starve, or be driven forth, like houseless vagrants, to find a lodging in the streets."

The young man answered her heart-rending appeal with a heavy groan, and continued to pace the narrow limits of the wretched apartment, with slow and dejected steps, while his wan and haggard countenance, which still bore the remains of manly vigour and beauty, expressed despair and agony of mind: at length, suddenly stopping before his partner, (who had again buried her face in her garments) and surveying her with a glance of painful anxiety, he said, in a soothing voice—"Dry these tears, my poor Lucy; the indulgence of grief will neither provide food for our famishing children, nor better our condition; you shall not starve, while I have hands to work, or a tongue to solicit the charity of others. Yes!" he continued with an air of bitterness; "it must come to this! what business has a wretch like me with pride? I, who am already justly classed with vagrants and vagabonds!"

Oh! that I was the only sufferer! that the reward of my folly was alone heaped on this devoted head! but, when I look on you, my poor, afflicted wife,—my dear, innocent children,—and perceive that want and disease are hurrying you fast to an early grave, I cannot but view myself in the light of your murderer!" Overcome with the agony of his feelings, he sunk down on a seat, covered his face with his trembling hands, and wept aloud.

Forgetting her own sorrows, the young wife seemed only anxious to alleviate his: she hastily rose, and embraced him with great tenderness. "You must not say so, my Richard; rouse your dooping spirits, and we will yet be happy."

"Impossible, Lucy! without money, without friends!"

"God will raise us up friends!" replied the young woman, striving to infuse into his mind a hope she had herself long ceased to feel. "He has never yet deserted us in the hour of need: I have addressed a fervent prayer to the throne of mercy, and I feel comforted: you see, my love, he has already dried my tears."

The actor raised his head, and surveyed her with a mournful smile: "It is the voice of my Lucy, and it never yet failed to cheer me: Dear girl, what shall we do in our present exigency?"

"I have but one resource left," said she, "and that I fear is but a forlorn hope. During your absence of a day, distributing play bills round the country, I plaited a couple of coarse straw bonnets, and yesterday offered them for sale at a very low price to all the milliners in town; and though I pleaded distress, they coldly refused to purchase the goods; but the vicar's daughter (a poor woman opposite told me) is a very charitable young lady; and if I applied to her——"

"You would be sure of success!" cried a voice near her; and the next moment, Francis stood before the astonished couple. Carried away by the impetuosity of his feelings, he never for a moment reflected that he would cut a very dishonourable figure as a spy, and a listener.

"Who are you, sir," said the actor, turning fiercely towards him, "who dare intrude thus abruptly on our misery?"

With an air of frank and manly commiseration, Stanhope replied, "My conduct must appear mean in your eyes; but it was dictated by benevolence. I was drawn hither by the voice of a fellow-creature apparently in great sorrow, and have been a painful spectator of the late distressing scene. I am deeply interested in your afflictions, and should feel a pleasure in relieving them."

He held out his hand to the actor, as he ceased speaking, who grasping it for some moments with convulsive energy, exclaimed, "most gratefully will I accept your offers of service, generous young man! nor will I attempt to hide from you, that

we are suffering from actual want, and stand greatly in need of assistance."

"If I am not mistaken," said Francis, "your name is Warren,—the gentleman who acted the part of Sebastian last night."

"That is my theatrical name; I bore a better once, but I have disgraced it, and a good family, by my folly."

"What could induce a genteel, well educated man, like you, to join a party of strolling players?"

"At this moment, it appears to me an act of madness," said the actor,—"the blindest infatuation that ever led youth and inexperience to destruction. I am not the first man whom headstrong passions, vanity, and a romantic spirit, have hurried on to ruin. You, sir, appear to take a kindly interest in our fate; if, therefore, you will deign to take a seat in this wretched apartment, I will relate to you the circumstances which led to this act of indiscretion." Francis having gladly accepted the proffered invitation, the actor thus continued: "My father was a captain in the army, the younger son of an ancient, and highly respectable family; he fell, in Lord Wellington's first campaign, on the continent, and left my mother a young widow, to bring up two sons on a very limited income, which was principally derived from a small estate in Berkshire, and the pension allowed her by government.

"My eldest brother, Walter, had turned his wishes towards the sea, from his earliest years, and my inclinations tended the same way.

"A cousin of my mother's, a captain in the navy, came to pay us a visit in the country, and, being greatly prepossessed by the bold, manly character, and fine person, of Walter, he requested my mother to allow him to take him with him to sea, promising that he would use all his influence to push him forward in his profession.

"My mother, who spoiled us both sadly, reluctantly granted his suit; Walter, therefore, accompanied Captain Graham to London, and, a few weeks after, came to bid us adieu, in his smart, new uniform.

"I was so captivated by my brother's dress and appearance in his naval clothes, that I hung on my mother's arm, and, even with tears, implored her to permit me to enter into the same service; she, however, was so fond of me, that the bare mention

of my wishes caused her such anguish, that I, who tenderly loved her, yielded to her tears and remonstrance, and abandoned all thoughts of becoming a sailor.

"Dear mother, could you have looked forward into the dread futurity, and beheld the bitter fate that awaited your favourite son, how gladly would you have yielded to his youthful prayers!

"Soon after this, our house, which, together with a few acres, was the whole of our actual property, was consumed by fire, and my mother was glad to sell the land that belonged to it, and seek for another home: she went to London, and boarded in the house of a respectable widow lady in Paddington. I was now sixteen, and my mother, finding her health daily declining, began to consider some eligible plan for my future maintenance; physic, law, and divinity, were attended with expences which my mother's shattered finances could no longer supply, and the idea of trade, to one who had filled a very genteel station in life, and felt the proud consciousness of having belonged to a good family, was not at all in unison with her feelings. She applied in this exigency to her rich relatives; but she was struggling with adversity, and they returned no answer to her solicitations.

"Her maternal uncle was a very wealthy merchant; and, after many delays, and vain hopes of bettering our condition, stern necessity obliged her to apply to him to take me into his counting-house.

"After many demurs, and a long time for consideration, and a thousand doubts as to the probability of his young kinsman, who had been brought up as a fine gentleman, ever making a man of business, he consented to receive me, on very moderate terms, into his house.

"This important affair once settled, my mother yielded to the nervous debility which had long preyed on her spirits, and I had not been an inmate two months in my uncle's house in Threadneedle-street, before I was called upon to perform the sad office of following my only parent to the grave.

"Her whole property, after the deduction of the funeral expences, only amounted to one thousand pounds, which was left to be equally divided, when I came of age, between my brother and me. My uncle was appointed as our common guardian; an office that worthy gentleman did not much approve of, grumbling greatly at its being imposed on him: but he told me, if I was a good lad, and looked well to the main chance, much

might be done towards making a fortune, with five hundred pounds.

"Never was there a person in this world, so ill calculated to make a man of business, as myself: having spent so much idle time in the country, I was romantic to a degree; and my head turned on nothing but the adventures of the heroes of a neighbouring circulating library, whose treasures my indefatigable search after novelty had nearly exhausted: but I was mostly captivated by the charms of the drama, and knew a great part of Shakespeare's finest compositions by heart.

"My uncle, Mr. Moreland, was the father of a large family of daughters, who were all married and settled well in the world, excepting the youngest, who was finishing her education in a convent in France. What fairy castles, what delightful speculations, did the return of this daughter give rise to in my young heart! The time I had hitherto spent in Threadneedle-street had been, to me, worse than Egyptian bondage; Lucy came, and turned my prison into a home of love and peace. Brought up in the solitude of a convent, I found Miss Moreland as romantic and visionary as myself; and, united by the same sentiments, and ties of relationship, we soon formed an ardent attachment for each other.

"Our affection was carefully concealed from Mr. Moreland, but as we always spent our evenings together, we had an opportunity of enjoying each other's conversation, till our lively and entertaining dialogues drew on Lucy the displeasure of her father; who, in order to prevent all social intercourse between us, instituted the disagreeable custom of either one or other of us reading aloud the newspapers to him, till we retired to rest, which was seldom later than ten o'clock in the winter time: but even here I continued to elude his vigilance, by concealing letters between the leaves of the paper, by which means we continued nightly to communicate our opinions and sentiments to each other. Mr. Moreland was a close man, and never allowed us to frequent any places of amusement natural to young people of our age, excepting once a week, on a Saturday night, when we always attended him to Covent-Garden theatre. The manager being a relation of his, presented the orders, so that this weekly entertainment was free of expence.

"As this was the only evening in the week we were ever allowed to leave home, we enjoyed it with all our hearts, and

the performers, and the performance, became, for days afterwards, a theme of conversation. So far did we carry our admiration for theatricals, that we privately got up many plays of Shakespeare's; and, when the old gentleman was out of town, acted them, with a few young friends, in a spare warehouse.

"Our youthful associates thought my Lucy a second Miss O'Neil, and, as for me, I was equal to Young or Kemble: I drank in this flattery with delight, and paid many visits to the theatre without my uncle's knowledge, till my love for acting became a ruling passion.

"I was just out of my time, and my uncle admitted me as confidential clerk on a very handsome salary: for, to give Mr. Moreland his due, he was a strict master, but not an unjust man. After serving him with great fidelity for a twelvemonth, I confessed my attachment to Lucy, and asked his consent to our union.

"I shall never forget his indignation; nor the scornful laugh which accompanied his refusal. Lucy was instantly dispatched to a married sister's house in the country; and, the next week, the old gentleman presented me with a hundred pounds, as a reward for my services, together with a draft on his banker's, for the five hundred pounds he held in trust for me, and a letter of recommendation into another merchant's family. With a heavy heart I quitted his roof to seek another home.

"The gentleman to whom I was now recommended, received me with all imaginary kindness; but, as I was to board out of the family, I only saw him once a day at the counting-house, to settle business, and give orders.

"After the ordinary hours of duty were over, my time, unfortunately, was my own; and, as I had formed no acquaintance in town, and heard no tidings of Lucy, I frequented the theatres every night, to dissipate my own dulness, and to banish all memory of the past. I had been with Mr. Johnstone about six months, when I was roused from this state of careless indifference by a note from Lucy."

"I ask pardon for interrupting you," said Francis; "but did Mr. Johnstone reside in Lombard-street?"

"He did: the firm was Johnstone, Withrington, and Co. Mr. Johnstone was a man of large property, and the father of a lovely and promising family."

"His eldest son is studying the law in this town. Do you remember the name of Henry Johnstone?"

"Oh perfectly well; a handsome, gay, lively boy he was, and very partial to me. So Henry is here? oh, it is well for me, that this haggard visage, and wasted form will effectually conceal from his knowledge, his once dear Richard!"

"I am sure it would afford him the greatest pleasure to assist you."

"I doubt it not; but there is something struggling here," he continued, laying his hand on his breast, "which I cannot wholly overcome; pride is, perhaps, despicable in a wretch like me:—but to conclude my tale—

"If you have never loved, you can never form an idea of the raptures I felt, on perusing my Lucy's letter. She said, in brief words, that she had received all my epistles; that her affections were firmly centred in me; and that neither time nor absence would ever effect any alteration in her sentiments; that her father and sisters, believing she had given up all thoughts of me, had suffered her quietly to return to London; and that, if I wished to see her, I must meet her at twelve o'clock the next morning in Trinity-square.

"That day appeared the longest in my existence; every coach and cart, as it passed, made me start, and the pulses in my head throbbed with such violence, I could scarcely hold my pen. At length the promised hour arrived; and the result of that interview was, my persuading Lucy to meet me the next morning at St. George's church in the Borough, where I would be waiting with a licence and a clergyman; and after we should be once united, I proposed that we should go boldly to Mr. Moreland, and confess our marriage. Lucy was, at first, terrified at the bare mention of this daring project; but my expositulations, prayers, and entreaties, at length overcame her scruples; and I never suffered myself to reflect, for a moment, on the consequences of this rash step till the knot was tied, and I found myself the husband of my beloved girl.

"As we walked down the street towards her father's mansion, I felt my heart and courage fail me; I was going to present myself, like an audacious thief, before the man who had afforded me an asylum in my orphan years, and calmly tell him I had robbed him of his daughter: but the time for reflection was past, and I went through the trying scene with an intrepidity that astonished even myself.

"The old man's anger at first, was loud and furious; it yielded, at last, to his daughter's tears. From threatening to turn me,

as a base, ungrateful villain, from his doors, he finally received me as a son, and, though he would not advance a farthing towards our future maintenance, he gave us his hearty blessing.

"He told me that I had a good salary, and if I turned that, and the five hundred pounds left me by my mother, to a good use, I might live very comfortably, and my future conduct would decide his. This concession was more than we expected from him, and we returned to ready-furnished apartments with light and joyous hearts.

"The first year after my marriage, I was the happiest man in the world, blest with the best of wives, and a sweet baby, who was the mutual darling of our hearts. Mr. Johnstone and his family treated me with distinction and kindness; we were visited by all Lucy's friends; and the old gentleman was so pleased with the steady perseverance I manifested in business, that he promised to take me into partnership at the end of the year.

"You will scarcely believe me madman or fool enough to mar, by my own imprudence, the fortune it was now in my power to make: but such was the case. Our visits to the theatre were as frequent as ever, and it was my ill-luck to form an intimate acquaintance with a young man, who had tried his fortune on the London boards, and been dismissed with contempt: he thought himself worthy of a better fate, and so did I.

"Whether from a mean desire for me to incur the same disgrace as he had done, or from what other motive, I know not, but Mr. King was always urging me to try my abilities that way: He praised my voice, my figure, my air, my attitudes, and induced one of the minor performers to join in his commendations. Fired by ambition, and my mind and better judgment enervated with their insidious flattery, I seized an opportunity of making myself known to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who professed himself very much pleased with my recitation and theatrical talents; so that, after several months of close attendance on rehearsals, he gave me a trial, in the well known character of Richard the Third. Romeo was more suited to my style of person, taste, and abilities; but I was overpersuaded by King to make my débüt in the blustering tyrant.—It was the character that he had himself failed in, but he had not the least doubt, he said, of my success.

"With a heart high with hope, and burning with impatience, I made my first entrance on the boards of a London stage, before

a crowded audience. I had never suffered myself for a moment to anticipate the agitating feelings to which such a public situation would give rise. The eyes of every one were upon me: I had scarcely uttered the first speech before my voice faltered, the theatre swam round with me, my knees trembled under me, and a cold perspiration bedewed my hands and face; the part I was to act, completely escaped my memory, in spite of the assistance of the prompter, I hesitated: stopped, and was finally hissed off the stage.

"My feelings of mortification, when I recovered my former self-possession, were almost too acute to bear; I even shed tears of bitter vexation and regret, when I called to mind the disgrace this adventure would cast, both upon myself and my family: I dreaded to return home to my wife and friends, whom I had kept in profound ignorance of my intention of going on the stage: I could not encounter the reproaches of my incensed father-in-law, and the sarcasms of my acquaintance. I was restless, miserable, and irresolute, when King appeared, to offer his advice and condolence.

"He told me to rally my spirits, for worse misfortunes had happened to better men than me; and though I might not suit the fastidious taste of a London audience, I might make my fortune in the country; and he proposed that we should collect what ready money we were masters of, and form a company, of which we should be the managers, sharing the profits equally between us.

"I eagerly accepted his offer, flattering myself that, at no very distant period, I might tread triumphantly that stage from which I had been so uncourteously expelled.

"The next morning, the papers teemed with my disgrace, and the news fell like a stroke of thunder on my poor Lucy; and when I revealed to her my future plans, her grief knew no bounds: but the ridicule this adventure had drawn on me, made me so anxious to quit a scene which had become odious to me, that I was deaf to her prayers; and disposing of my effects in town, in a few weeks bid adieu to Mr. Johnstone and his family, and in an evil hour commenced a professional actor.

"Whilst our money lasted, we succeeded pretty well; being able to procure handsome scenery, and splendid dresses, which attract the notice of country people, far beyond the best performance. Mr. King soon became jealous of the applause I gained, and I found my situation daily growing more unplea-

sant. After the first novelty was over, I was disgusted at the life I had chosen, and humbled at beholding my virtuous wife in a situation so degrading to her mind and talents; the agitation of mind she was constantly in, produced a long and lingering illness, which reduced us to such poverty, that I was forced to sell my share in the concern; and, what was worse, to run deeply in Mr. King's debt. To leave the stage, was now impossible, and our weekly wages dwindled to a very trifle. I will not harrow up your feelings by a recital of our miseries for the last two years: we have been many times on the point of perishing for want, but I never could conquer my pride sufficiently to solicit the charity of others. To add to our misfortunes, Mr. Moreland died without even mentioning my poor Lucy in his will; and Walter returned from sea a distinguished and gallant officer, justly disowning all relationship to his unworthy brother. To conclude this disgraceful narration; we are at present without food, and without money; I have just made a hopeless, ineffectual application to Mr. King, who has flatly told me, he will pay no more in advance. Our landlady is clamorous for her rent; my wife is ill, and my children are starving!"

Again overcome by bitter reflections, the actor clenched his hands together, and traversed the apartment with the same dejected steps and distracted mien, which had, at first, so deeply awakened the sympathy of Francis; who now, unable any longer to witness his agony, slipped his purse into Warner's hand, telling him that he should see him again ere long: he left the house, his feelings quite overcome by the heartfelt, "God bless you!" pronounced by the actor, and by the convulsive sobs of his young wife.

Francis directed his steps towards Johnstone's lodgings, thinking that, as he had known the unfortunate Warner, he would be the fittest agent to assist him in relieving them.

He found Henry at breakfast; and, without much ceremony, entered on the purport of his visit. Johnstone expressed much feeling and concern in the distress of the actor and his family: "Is it possible!" he said, "that the high spirited, handsome Richard Musgrave, can have sunk into any thing so low. Poor fellow! I thought, last night, his figure and voice were familiar to me. But I could scarcely have recognized in his wife, the beautiful Lucy Moreland."

"Can you think of any plan which may help to rescue them from their forlorn situation?" asked Stanhope.

Johnstone paused some minutes; and then looked up with an air of lively hope on his countenance: "Yes, Stanhope; there is a chance that my father, who is a truly benevolent man, would again receive him as his clerk; Musgrave was an excellent accountant, and always a great favourite with him; and he has never ceased to regret the folly which induced Richard to leave his service. I will write to him this very day, and say all I can to interest the cause of my old friend."

"Henry, you are a dear, good fellow!" cried Stanhope, heartily shaking his hand, and rejoicing in so fair a prospect of success. "Charity may be well be said to cover a multitude of faults."

"Now do not praise me, Frank; there is more for my own dear self in the matter than meets your eye: Captain Walter Musgrave pays his addresses to my sister Kate, and it is only natural that I should wish to rescue my relations from indigence and disgrace; besides, it may bring about a reconciliation between the brothers."

"I now rejoice in sacrificing my own feelings, and accompanying you to the play, last night: what singular events has it not brought about?" said Francis, his thoughts returning to his conversation with Anne Irvin, and the pleasing hopes to which that interview had given rise. "I feel quite a different being to what I was a few days ago, and could now almost call myself happy: But I must not loiter here. Fare-thee-well! Hal! I shall see thee again in the evening."

"Stay!" said Johnstone, "and hear what I have to say." Francis impatiently turned round: "If you will draw up a subscription for the benefit of poor Richard, I will forward it among our townspeople, and will freely add my own mite."

"That I will do with the greatest pleasure," said Francis, turning to the young student with glistening eyes. "In the mean time, Frank, sit down and take breakfast with me."

"Not a bit! My spirits are too much excited to require food; I must see Anne Irvin directly. So saying, he darted out of the room, to the no small entertainment of the gay, light hearted Johnstone, who, pushing the tea equipage from him, began his letter to his father.

S. S.

To be continued.

THE WIDOW.

IT was late; for the village clock had just announced the hour of midnight, as my family and myself sunk into sound and sweet repose, when we were disturbed, and even alarmed, by a violent knocking at the gate, which communicated from the public road with that which led through an avenue of trees to my dwelling. The vicarage was an old isolated building; and, being detached from all other dwellings, was particularly lonely.—On one side was the church-yard, with its ancient yews and thickly-peopled graves. The Itchen, contracting itself from its wide expanse in the inlet, called Southampton-water, washed, in its rapid flow, the eastern walls of this old structure; imparting, by its hollow murmuring, a deeper gloom and melancholy to the solitude which there reigned undisturbed. The vehement and oft-repeated knocking at the gate, demanded attention and notice. I quickly descended from my chamber, found a messenger from the most distant, and least-frequented part of my parish; who came to request my immediate attendance at the dying bed of one of my parishioners, but who was totally unknown to me, even by name. For some moments, I hesitated to promise compliance with this apparently unseasonable request.

It was now beyond midnight; darkness and solitude reigned around; no sound fell on the ear, save the whistle of the fitful blast, as it swept through the venerable elms which shaded the vicarage; the distance was considerable, and the pathway lay over a bleak and lonely common. “She be very bad, sir, indeed: mortal bad. No likelihoods that she can live long; if your reverence would come, she would die more in peace, like a Christian.” Finding that the call was one of duty, I hastily dressed myself, and, accompanied by my faithful Rover, closed my own door, and confided myself to the protection of heaven, and the guidance of the messenger. “She be wonderful bad,” said the man, with an honest simplicity that pleased me, which conciliated for the speaker my attention and respect. I enquired who the sufferer was, and how long she had been ill. “As to her name, master,” said my guide, “we none of us know it:

but there be many strange reports about her and her's. Some of the folks at the passage-house, say as how she be a lady by birth and education—though mortal poor. But I knows nothing about her: 'twas old Molly More who axed me to come for your reverence, to give her the prayers before she died." As my guide could afford me no information either as to her present circumstances, or former history of the invalid, we journeyed in silence, or only in occasional colloquy, till we arrived at the last cottage, which was contained within the limits of my parish, at its most distant extremity. As I ever deemed it my duty to know and visit all my parishioners, I felt somewhat of self-reproach that there should be one among them, needing the office of the Christian ministry in her dying circumstances, of whose situation and even existence I was ignorant; and to whom, of necessity, I had neglected to offer, unsolicited and unsought, my assistance and my counsel.

"Sir," said a young woman, of much personal beauty and prepossessing manners, as she opened the door of the humble dwelling, "I trust to your goodness and feeling to pardon the liberty which a child's anxiety has presumed to take in sending for you at so unseasonable an hour: but my poor mother is so exhausted by disease and pain, that we momentarily expect her dissolution. Her's can now be but a short pilgrimage to a better world.—Her sorrows, ere long, will for ever be terminated, yet she could not die in peace till she had conversed with you; nor could I even be happy in this world, if I had neglected to solicit for her the gratification of this sole remaining desire of her heart." I assured her, in reply, that I felt pleased at the confidence she had reposed in my willingness to be the ever-ready servant of even the most needy and humble of my people: and that if my presence could cheer the departing moments of her parent, or soothe her own heavy sorrows and afflictions, I deemed the pleasure of so doing a more than sufficient recompence for any personal inconvenience I might suffer. She acknowledged this declaration on my part with a delicacy of manner and a propriety of expression which could not fail very deeply to interest my feelings, and to excite my curiosity to know something of her and her parent's history. "Your mother," said I, "is, my guide informed me, a widow." "Yes, sir, a widow indeed! a woman whose bread has, for years, been

steeped in tears. Her's are heavy burdens; but she displays so much of meekness and resignation under her troubles, so much of patience and fortitude in the seasons of deepest woe, that to a stranger she might almost appear to be privileged by exemption from sorrow. She is now, however, fast approaching to the termination of all her sorrows and conflicts; she only lingers in this world in the anxious hope of seeing and conversing with you ere she goes hence, and is no more seen."

The daughter having left me to announce my arrival to her dying parent, I was left for a few minutes alone, and to the indulgence of my own reflections. "How often," thought I to myself, "does the world mistake the characters of men. True magnanimity is as often to be found in a patient suffering cottager, as in the more elevated walks of life. Virtue is the only valuable distinction among men; and it more frequently is the inmate of the lowly dwelling, than of the splendid mansion." The entrance of the cottager, in whose house the widow dwelt, disturbed my meditations; and afforded me opportunities of enquiry as to her circumstances and situation. Little did she communicate, for little could she. I ascertained, generally, that the widow had resided in my parish for nearly a year, but that declining health, and the pressure of accumulated misfortunes had long detained her a prisoner at the cottage. During the earlier part of her residence she had duly attended at the church with her only daughter; and though suffering under evident debility of body, and anguish of mind, she had appeared to revive in health as the summer had advanced; but, on the approach of winter, she gradually declined, till at length she was unable to rise from her bed. She had originally come to the cottage, professedly to recruit her health, and was attended by an only daughter, between whom and her a more than ordinary affection evidently subsisted. At first she was abundantly supplied with every needful comfort, and was visited by one or two strangers of respectable appearance. For some time, however, she had complained of neglect; and her situation was becoming as painful from the pressure of want as from the wastings of disease. There was evidently some mystery in her character, or circumstances; the full developement of which I anticipated with anxious solicitude.

On my introduction to the chamber of the invalid, every thing

bore testimony to the neatness and attention of the daughter. Poverty was, indeed, discernable in all around; but order, cleanliness, and propriety, were equally visible. On approaching the bed, I instantly recognised, even in the wasted form before me, one of my former auditors, concerning whom I had often made ineffectual enquiries among my rustic Sunday evening congregation. After mutual salutations, and the discharge, on my part, of the strictly professional duties for which I had been called, I began those enquiries so natural and so appropriate to the chamber of sickness, by soliciting her confidence, and by the offer of myself, and family, of any acts of friendship towards her and her daughter. "Sir," said she, "my time is come. For me, God only can now do good; but my poor Sarah may need a friend, when I am no more—and for her I ask your protection and counsel. My life has been one unbroken series of affliction and trouble; my cup has ever overflowed with bitterness, disappointment, and care. Yet I do not repine. Give me but the assurance that you will commiserate the misfortunes and situation of my child, and I shall die in peace." Here the poor sufferer burst into a flood of tears, by which the agony of her feelings seemed, in some degree, relieved. I was about to give her the promise she appeared so anxious to obtain, when she again revived, and thus continued: "My history can little interest the world; yet in the belief that it may prove both interesting and advantageous to my daughter, I have at intervals, during a long and weary pilgrimage, noted down many particulars of it which I deemed likely to gratify her curiosity, or to prove instructive to her in the government of her future life; This memorial of her parent's history and sufferings, is all I can now bequeath to her; save my dying blessing, and solemn testimony to her unfailing attention and dutiful conduct to me since she has been capable of action or thought. In all my sorrows she has been an angel of mercy: her affection has soothed my cares—her industry supplied my wants. In the history of her mother's life she will read much of her own; and from it she will be enabled duly to estimate the character of human nature, and to learn the deceit and cruelty of man. She is now poor, destitute, and friendless; but the documents I confide to your care may ultimately lead to her comfort and happiness." Exhausted by the effort she had made, the poor sufferer fell back

on her pillow in a swoon, which so nearly resembled death, that, for some time, I remained doubtful if the spirit had not departed to its final rest; and I was about to leave the chamber to announce to the daughter the termination of her mother's conflict, when symptoms of returning animation convinced me that she was still a sojourner in this world of sorrow. Deeming it better to repeat than to lengthen my visit, I now withdrew; requesting that, should my presence be necessary before I should call on the following day, I might be immediately sent for; and having addressed a few suitable words to the heart-broken daughter, I departed homewards. During my stay at the cottage, a heavy snow had fallen, and, in addition to the solemn stillness of the morning, every thing looked cheerless and melancholy. Declining the proffered escort of the guide, I directed my steps towards the vicarage; my mind occupied with the scene I had just witnessed, and filled with anxious curiosity to learn the particulars of the widow's history; who was evidently a woman of education, and perhaps of family. Amid the solitude by which I was surrounded, the mind would naturally wander, and indulge in reflections on the nature of life, and the varying circumstances by which it is characterized and distinguished in the experience of individuals. Oh! what a discovery of human crime and human misery will the great day make, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed! How will the character of individuals, stripped of all disguise, disappoint expectation! How much secret sorrow, unknown here to human eye or heart, will then be manifested! whilst it will be seen that those who have had more than we might deem their share of suffering in this world, will be found to have had secret sources of consolation of which the world knows naught. The ways of Providence are less partial than man would, at first, conceive.

I was relating, in the morning, to my family, as we sat around the cheerful breakfast-table, the events of the preceding night, when the appearance of my guide, as he walked up the avenue of trees, with a letter in his hand, prepared me for the information which it contained. "Well, sir," said he, as he delivered me the letter, "it be all over with the old lady—she be now in heaven—but poor miss takes on very sadly—I fears as how she will not be long after. She is in mortal trouble; and sends this with her duty." On opening the letter I found a confirmation of my guide's story. The widow had died in less than

an hour after my departure, leaving sundry papers which her daughter expressed her anxiety personally to place in my hands so soon as I could call; and which I received from her in the course of the day; and from which the following selection is now made for the reader's information.

D. D.

(*To be continued.*)

LIBERALITY OF DEAN SWIFT.

WHEN Dean Swift was at Arthur Acheson's, at Market-hill, in the country of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him, as having been a remarkable loyalist in the reigns of Charles II. James II. and William III. who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government, although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, the dean made him a handsome present; but said at the same time, "This trifle, sir, cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life for supporting yourself with independency in your old age."—To this Captain Creichton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." "Sir," replied the dean, "I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; and that you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memoranda of them in writing." The captain answered, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." "Well then, sir," rejoined the dean, "get your manuscripts, read them to me, tell me none but genuine stories; and I will place them in order of time for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own." The captain soon after waited on the dean with his papers, and related to him many adventures, which the dean was so kind as to put in chronological order, to correct the style, and make a small book of them, intituled, "The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton." A subscription was immediately set on foot, by the dean's interest and recommendation, which raised to the captain above 2,000*l.* and made the remaining part of his life very happy and easy.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NARRATIVE OF A THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ITALY,
with Illustrations of the Present State of Religion in that Country.
London, 1828.

So many and so various are the associations which the mention of Italy creates in the mind, that we do not wonder at the anxiety with which any information from thence is received; nor at the universal curiosity which seeks to ascertain what is its present real situation, and condition. Since the sovereignty of the Roman states passed from the hands of the secular power into that of the ecclesiastical, it is not too much to affirm that the moral condition of the people has retrograded even more than its temporal glory and power. The sceptre of the Cæsars has not only passed into the enfeebled hands of bigotted and aged Pontiffs, but the superstitions of the Vatican and the prevalence of a lax morality have degraded the minds and manners of the people, even more than the idolatry of the Pantheon. It is admitted that the arts and sciences found an asylum and a patronage in Christian Rome; but only so far as they were subservient to the policy of the Court by effeminating the public mind, and thus preparing it for a ready submission to the domineering influence of its spiritual tyranny. Music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, have each contributed to the adorning and consolidation of this vile imposture. In their concentrated influence they overwhelm the mind by their united grandeur, beauty, and harmony; they lead captive by their magic influence the better judgment of the world; and, by entrancing the senses, suspend the exercise of reason, and the agency of an unfettered judgment. Such has ever been the process and progress of the ruling power in modern Italy. It might, however, be hoped, and not unreasonably have been expected, that the growing intelligence of the world, and the advances of the human mind towards light and knowledge, would have forced even on the prejudices and superstition of its rulers a conviction that such a system was ill adapted to the present state and condition of society—but alas! the blindness and obduracy of an infatuated superstition is impenetrable even to the combined force of argument, reason, and truth; not, indeed, that we despair that eventually the grossness of this superstition will yield to the power of religion; but the progress and influence of Christianity cannot be otherwise than slow and gradual, seeing that the difficulty consists in the assumption, by Popery, of the name and semblance, (though but in masquerade), of the very system to which it is most opposed, and which it most bitterly persecutes. We have been led into these reflections

by the perusal of the volume before us, which proceeds from the pen of a pious, well-informed female; whose long residence in the country she describes, gives her statements an authority which cannot be conceded to the hasty and superficial notices of some writers.

The style of the work is familiar, it being in the epistolary form; and presents to us not only the opinions and observations of the writer on more public events and things, but also enters familiarly into the personal concerns and events of the family of which she formed a part, so as to interest the feelings as well as to satisfy the expectation of the reader. We confess that to us this gives a charm to the volume which renders us unwilling to lay it aside, and which operates as an inducement to us to return to its pages with increased delight. Let not the reader, however, for a moment suppose that he will here meet with aught of trifling or gossip; nothing of the kind is found here. Good taste, good feeling, and good sense, alike predominate through every page. In the hope that our recommendation may insure for this narrative a welcome reception from our readers, we shall conclude our present notice of it, by the following extract:—

"Near Pompeii we passed a bridal procession. The bride and bridegroom walked first, followed by a train of female attendants. At some distance behind them, the dowry-box was borne on the back of a mule, its head and neck adorned with gay coloured ribands, from which were suspended many tinkling bells. The dowry-box is a large chest with drawers of fine wood, beautifully inlaid, which contains the corredo, or wardrobe of the bride, which is generally to last her life. In the drawers are her ornaments and bridal presents, given previously by her friends and relations. Next followed two men carrying a square basket with the shoes of the bride; of every gay colour, arranged in order, round from the centre to the edge; this group closed the procession. The jewellery is preserved in every family from generation to generation, with so much care, that the most abject poverty will not tempt them to part from it. This accounts for our frequently meeting the most miserable-looking women, in wretched clothing, without shoes or stockings, in piteous accents imploring alms, yet having in their ears solid gold ear-rings reaching to their shoulders, strings of coral or gold chains about their necks, and every finger loaded with rings. On gala days, the Contadine display all their finery; we often meet them with gold chains, and many rows of pearl round their necks, their silk bodices with loose white sleeves, richly laced and embroidered with gold, the petticoat of a different colour, very much trimmed and ornamented. In general, they are handsome women; they have dark, penetrating eyes, and a quantity of glossy black hair, which they wear combed up off the forehead, and twisted round the crown of the head, where it is tied with a string, then folded back and fastened with a long silver skewer: nothing

can be more unbecoming than their manner of dressing the hair. A gentleman at Naples, told us, that it is not uncommon to see gold chains of 600 crowns value, round the neck of a Condina on the festival days. Silk is the manufacture of Sorrento; before the door of every house, women are employed in winding or weaving it into ribands."

THE CLUBS OF LONDON. 2 vols. London. 1828.

Among the various changes of the last half century, none is greater in itself, or more important in its consequences, than that by which the frame of society itself has been affected, and by which the opinions of mankind have been gradually influenced. When Dr. Johnson first entered on his career of popularity, there were but few names of note and distinction in the literary world; he, therefore, became, most deservedly, not only a star of the first magnitude himself; but like the natural sun, the centre of attraction to which the lesser luminaries naturally tended. Literature was then in its infancy, and it had to struggle with the cold indifference and absolute neglect of the wealthy and the great. Learned men were, therefore, compelled to associate, in order to preserve their own influence, we had almost said, existence. We are aware that Addison had his club, where Sir Roger and Will Honeycombe enjoyed the luxury of association without the formality of good company; nor do we forget that "warm parlour" where Harley, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were wont to meet; but the glory of all associations was that undoubtedly were the genius of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Goldsmith, mingled in fellowship divine with that of other minds. These were, indeed, "*Noctes, Cœnæque Decorum.*" But these days are passed. This Band of Brothers has been long dissolved by the rude hand of death; nor has the mantle of the prophet descended on kindred spirits. Clubs are now associations rather of a convivial than of a literary nature. Occasionally, indeed, a luminary of unusual splendour appears among them; but, generally, they have degenerated into merely friendly and social meetings, and too often, have been perverted to gambling purposes.

In the work before us the author has endeavoured to rescue from oblivion many anecdotes connected with the Clubs of London, which have hitherto been preserved only by memory, and have been handed down, solely by oral tradition, from the last to the present generation; and which are, therefore, in great danger of fading altogether from recollection—or, of being subjected to such mutilations, and mutations, as must, ultimately destroy their original identity. Such a work admits not of description or analysis; all we can say of it is, that we remember much of its contents as forming the theme of conversation, or the gossip of the day, at the period to which they refer; that the selection of Anecdotes appears to have been made with judgment and discrimination; and that we are pleased to see

some brought back to their original correctness, after having, through various versions, assumed an appearance far different to that before us. We shall, in a future number, offer to our readers some selections from these volumes, by which they will better learn their interesting nature, than from any description of ours.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY THROUGH THE UPPER PROVINCES OF INDIA, FROM CALCUTTA TO BOMBAY. By the late Reginald Heber, D. D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. 4to.

Purporting to give, ere long, some interesting particulars of the reverend Prelate, whose travels we have announced as above, to the notice of our readers; we shall, at present abstain from all details of a personal nature, and confine our observations, as far as possible, to the work more immediately before us. It will, however, be manifest, that the interest of an author's writings is often derived from the character he sustains in society; and that private life affords the most interesting, and often the most important illustration and comment on the productions of his pen.—In the case of Bishop Heber, this observation holds especially true—but we dare not trust ourselves to its illustration. We have been so long accustomed to know and to value the private character of this reverend prelate, that we can employ no language which we should deem too flattering to speak his worth. To do good was his great object; to do right, his daily employment; and he made the every day engagements of his station, whether as a parish priest or a bishop, the source of enjoyment to himself and of happiness to others. With a mind richly stored with the treasures of science and of learning—with talents of the first order—an imagination brilliant, yet chaste—a fancy playful, yet never trifling—great natural shrewdness and sagacity—and a temper as amiable and candid as ever accompanied and adorned the energies of a fine genius—few men ever lived more calculated to do honour to human nature, or to win the affections of the world.

Those of our readers, who recollect that Bishop Heber had, soon after his leaving college, devoted himself to the study of human nature, and had, by his researches and personal observations in Russia and Turkey, acquired a practical knowledge, that could not fail to be of incalculable value in his later travels, will, at once, anticipate how valuable and important an acquisition the opinion of such a man must be, to whatever subject he might devote his attention. Bishop Heber was a deep as well as an elegant scholar; and his mind was richly stored with every kind of knowledge necessary to render him the object of universal love, respect, and reverence. Even where his sacred character as a Christian bishop was but little understood, or least respected, his meekness, urbanity, charitable spirit, and mild zeal, could not fail to win the affections of the poor, and the respect both of Moslem and Brahmins.

The volumes before us were not intended by this amiable author for publication; at least, not in their present form. They are the substance of the journal, which he habitually kept for the information of Mrs. Heber; and are, therefore, written without restraint; and with an occasional easy playfulness of style which delightfully beguiles the attention of his readers. The journal commences on this Bishop's entrance into the river Hoozly, from the Bay of Bengal. Landing at a small village, he was struck, on being conducted to a temple of Mahadeo, at the composition, colouring, and general execution of the Hindoo idols; which, he says, in many particulars, resemble the images carried about in England for sale by the Lago di Como people.

The following extract, under date April 21; will we doubt not be most acceptable to our readers; conforming, as it does, to the opinions we have ever entertained on the estimation in which the female sex must be held, wherever truth and civilization prevail.

"At a party given by the Bishop, on occasion of the christening of one of his children, he says,—Hurnee Mohun Thahoor, observing, 'What an increased interest the presence of females give to our parties,' I reminded him, that the introduction of women into society, was an ancient Hindoo custom, and only discontinued in consequence of the Mussulman conquest. He assented with a laugh; adding, however, 'It is too late for us to go back to the old custom now.' Rhadacant Deb, who overheard us, observed more seriously, 'It is very true that we did not use to shut up our women till the time of the Mussulmans. But before we can give them the same liberty as the Europeans, they must be better educated.' 'I introduced these Baboos to the chief justice,' adds the Bishop, 'which pleased them much; though, perhaps, they were still better pleased with my wife, herself presenting them pawn, rose-water, and attar of roses, before they went, after the native custom.'"

Rhadacant Deb judged rightly; the women of India must have education before they ever can be fitted for the enjoyments of social life.—It is education, in its more refined and enlarged sense, which imparts to the women of Britain their brightest glory, and most lovely charms. We must hope that civilization and Christianity will advance and co-operate to the overthrow of ancient prejudices, and to the redemption of woman in India, from her present degradation and ignorance.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell minutely on two quarto volumes; scarcely a page of which but would afford matter of interesting and pleasurable reflections; to the Christian, the philanthropist, and the statesman they read many useful lessons; and cannot fail, we trust, to obtain their serious and attentive consideration. Amid much that is discouraging, doubtful, and melancholy, they disclose the cheering, stimulating hope, that our Indian Empire is increasing in strength, stability, knowledge, and hap-

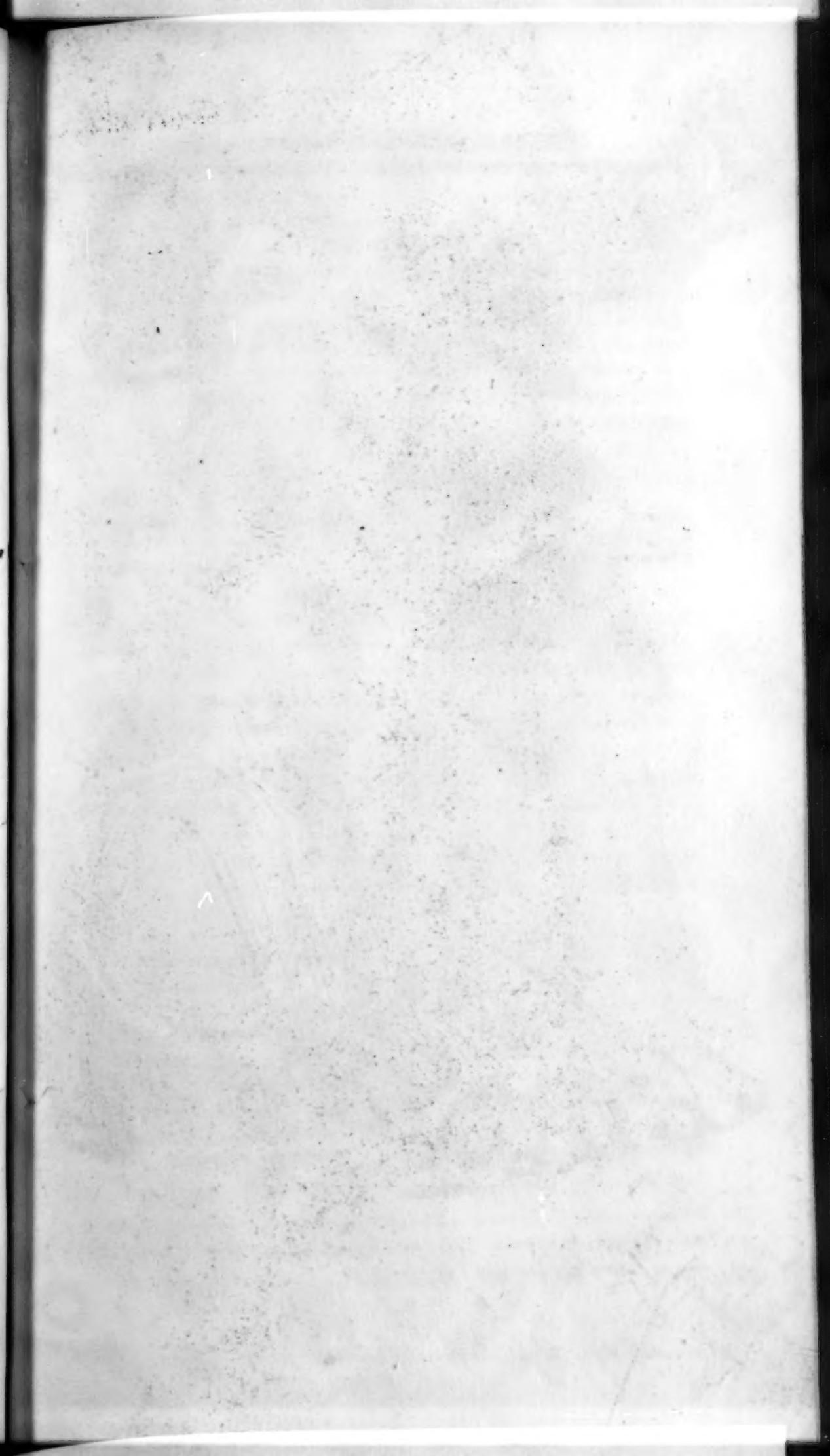
piness. They press deeply on the attention of Britain the duty as well as the necessity of bettering the condition of the great mass of the people. Of the future destinies of our Asiatic Empire, no man dare hardly form even a conjecture; it is a political problem which time alone can solve, but it is one to which the attention of this country must ere long be seriously directed; and on which its legislative wisdom must ultimately pronounce an opinion. In forming that opinion we know of no work which may be more usefully consulted than the present, which presents to us the sentiments of one whose piety was judicious, judgement matured, discretion great, and mind, liberal, expansive, candid, and philosophic.

We shall offer one or two Poetical Extracts from these volumes to our readers, who will, we doubt not, recognize in them that habitual kindness of nature, that native elegance of mind, that softness and grace of expression, and that amiableness of temper, which gave to Palestine its beauty, its loveliness, and its charm.

The new title-page of the Miss Porters' joint work, which has just appeared (but too late for further notice this month), is as follows:—

COMING-OUT, AND THE FIELD OF THE FORTY FOOTSTEPS. Two novels, in three volumes, by Jane and Anna Maria Porter.

We shall review this work in our next number, but meanwhile we notice, that the former title, "Summer Nights at Sea," by which it was advertised some time ago, has been changed as above; and that it consists of two totally independent tales; the one being a novel of the present times, the other a romance of a period something earlier.—The first, called "Coming-Out," is by Miss Anna Maria Porter, and gives its lessons to both sexes, on that formidable débüt, the stage of the world in this our day. The second, called "The Field of the Forty Footsteps," by Miss Jane Porter, reports itself to be taken from a curious legend, extant, concerning a certain spot of ground in the near neighbourhood of Russel-square; and some traces of which may yet be found, even with the "awful marks" it registers, in a green space of field still lying unoccupied at the top of Upper Montague-street, to the north of the square. A paling divides the end of the street from the field; and the marks in question, in zig-zag positions, may yet be made out—at least a few of them, amongst the broken-up features of the scene.





Carriage Costume & Evening Dresses for Feb^r. 1828.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint. Edward Street. Portman Square.

Pub. Feb 1st 1828 by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR FEBRUARY, 1828.

CARRIAGE-COSTUME.

A Swiss dress, of a dark and beautiful peach colour. The skirt is made in the present fashion, rather short, and of an easy fulness all round: two deep flounces, edged with a handsome vine-leaf pattern, laid on extremely close, touching each other, form the only trimming at the skirt. The body is quite high, and made tight to the shape. The bust is formed to a diamond pattern by bands of the same material, three on each side. Sleeves *à la Marie*, finished with six narrow bands at the wrists, and rich gold bracelets. The band round the waist is particularly deep and confined with a plain buckle. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with full bows of the same material, and very wide: sarsenet riband, the ground yellow and edged with rose colour. Cap and collarette of Valenciennes lace. Chinchilla muff and tippet.—Limerick gloves, and boots, to correspond with the dress.

EVENING-DRESS.

A DRESS of tulle over a satin slip of delicate azure blue. Bodice *en gerbe*, with a deep falling cape, vandyked with narrow pipings of satin, edged with strawberry-leaf blond. Sleeves of tulle, pointed at the wrists, and fastened by ruby and pearl bracelets to correspond with the superb necklace and ear-rings of the same. The skirt is very short, and full all round, and confined to the waist by a deep band of soft blue satin; at the bottom are two full puffings of tulle, each headed by *rouleaux* and roses worked in chenille. The fulness is confined by a kind of fancy leaf trimming, stiffened with net, and extremely narrow pipings. A broad satin *rouleau* covers the hem, and gives a very beautiful finish and contrast to this elegant trimming. Shoes, of pale blue satin, white kid gloves, and white silk fan.

HEAD-DRESS.—Nothing can possibly exceed the elegance of the present fashionable head-dress: the bows are brought forward, and drest exceedingly high, and interspersed with gauze

riband of various colours, but gold and silver tissue is decidedly preferred; these are introduced very profusely, and are arranged in very large bows to stand rather higher than the hair. The front is drest very full in light curls; this style is now generally preferred to the large curl, and is certainly much more elegant and becoming.

For these elegant dresses we are indebted to the taste of **MISS PIERPOINT**, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the tasteful head-dress, to **MR. COLLEY**, Bishopsgate-street.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE chief novelties in the out-door department since our last, consist of a beautiful mantle, or cloak of grey merino, lined with white twilled sarsenet and silk plush; a pelerine cape of which falls over a drapery of merino, trimmed to correspond with the cloak. This drapery covers the arms, shielding them from the cold which may penetrate through the arm-holes, and is confined at the waist behind by a belt, which is fastened in front by a gold buckle. Cloaks of myrtle green gros de Naples, are much admired; they are lined with a light geranium coloured sarsenet, and have black velvet pelerine capes, finished in points, à la vandyke, and lined with geranium. Black satin cloaks, lined with various coloured sarsenets, and ornamented with deep velvet pelerine caps, are very generally worn. A few pelisses of myrtle-green gros de Naples, have made their appearance. They are fastened down the front with large bows and ends of the same material, finished with a bouillon fringe: with these pelisses are worn muffs and tippets of Chinchilla fur. A very beautiful carriage pelisse or walking dress, is composed of Parma-violet satin, trimmed in the tunic style round the border with points of doubled satin, headed by a rouleau: the pelisse is fastened down the front of the skirt, by four full rosettes of the material. The bust is trimmed on each side with points to correspond. A double pelerine cape is also edged round with smaller points: the sleeves are à la Marie, fastened at the wrists with very broad bracelets, and large jasper brooch: the throat is encircled by a full lace frill.

The favourite bonnets for walking costume are of black velvet, lined with rose-coloured satin; the crown is ornamented with

arcades of black satin, bound with rose-coloured riband, a bow of which is placed on each temple, under the brim. The strings are of rose-colour, and are in a loop. Another promenade bonnet is of black satin, bound and lined with velvet; the crown is ornamented with puffs of broad black satin, and the bonnet is fastened down by lappets of tulle quilled on satin riband. Bonnets of violet-coloured satin are also much admired for the promenade; they have a broad binding of black velvet at the edge of the brim, and are trimmed round the crown with violet coloured satin puffs edged with black blond; these bonnets are both tasteful and becoming as to shape and size. A bonnet of Swedish-blue corded silk is greatly in favour; it is bound and trimmed with riband of the same colour, edged with narrow stripes of yellow on one side, terminated by a black satin stripe. We have seen a beautiful satin hat, of bird of Paradise colour, lined with crimson silk, chequered in black lozenges, formed of hair stripes, and ornamented with puffs of broad sarsenet riband, with strings in a loop to correspond: two white esprit feathers complete the ornaments.

High dresses of merino are considered very elegant for home costume: they have two flounces placed at a distance from each other; these flounces are fluted, and are made to stand out from the dress, by means of stiffening; they are each headed by a satin rouleau. The body is *en gerbe*, with two pelerine capes bound with satin, and ornamented round the throat by a triple ruff of lace: the sleeves are à la Marie. Coloured bombazeens, of very fine and improved texture, are also much in favour for home dress: they are trimmed with scolloped flounces of the same material, bound with satin. A very elegant dinner-dress is composed of canary-yellow gros de Naples, trimmed with two flounces of crape of the same colour, bound with black satin, each flounce headed by leaves in bias, formed of yellow and black satin: the body is laid in flat plaits, lengthways, with a very broad double falling tucker of blond, of a vandyke pattern; the throat encircled by a ruff of lace: the waist is confined by a band of black velvet, with a gold buckle in front: the sleeves are long, à la Marie, and confined at the wrists by two gold bracelets. An evening dress of pink satin is much admired for young ladies: it is ornamented round the border with four rows of marabout feathers, falling over each other, and surmounted by a light and elegant wreath of flowers. The body is made

with a stomacher, formed of straps of pink satin, edged with narrow blond, over white; the robings are trimmed next the arm with a narrow frill of blond. The waist is slightly pointed in front, and trimmed all round with arcades of blond. Another evening, or theatre dress, is composed of crimson gros de Naples, trimmed very simply round the border with bands of the same material, the colour a few shades darker: the corsage fits tight to the shape. With this elegant dress is worn a mantle of Indian cachemere, with a beautiful oriental border of various colours; a pelerine cape to correspond, scollopped at the edge, and over that a falling collar-cape. An opera dress of French grey satin is in high repute; it is trimmed at the border with two rows of puffing, each edged round and divided by narrow rouleaux: the body is made partially low, with narrow straps of the same material across the front, forming a stomacher, and the tucker part ornamented by a narrow falling collar, pointed à la vandyke.

The head-dresses are this winter very tasteful and elegant. An opera hat of black velvet is ornamented with black and gold gauze; the plumage is formed of net feather fringe, yellow, edged round with black; on the left side is a beautiful *aigrette esprit*, black, and yellow at the base. A pink fancy turban of crape, with long lappets, is a favourite head-dress at the theatres: also a dress cap of very rich blond, ornamented with crimson gauze riband, edged with black, and adorned in front with green maize, between the cawl and the head-piece. Home *cornettes* are of blond, very large, and trimmed with *rouleaux* of gauze riband, of very striking colours. Morning *cornettes* of blond are trimmed with separate puffs of pink and yellow gauze. A turban for evening parties, of an entire new shape, has appeared; it is of white satin and yellow velvet, richly ornamented with gold and scarlet velvet; a point of yellow velvet hangs over the left side, bound with black satin and gold *cordon*, with a splendid gold tassel; the crown of the turban is ornamented with a superb plume of bird of paradise. A dress hat of celestial blue transparent net, is slightly trimmed with blond on the crown, with a full and elegant plume of white marabouts.—The most fashionable colours are lavender grey, violet, celestial blue, pink, and amber.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, January 17th, 1828.

WHEN the weather permits, the principal avenue of the Thuileries is the rendezvous of a number of elegant fashionables, who, after having noticed several toilets, and displayed their own to advantage, re-enter their equipages, and proceed to inspect the bazaars, the arcades, the chief *magasins de mode*, where the invention of our milliners has assembled all their materials to satisfy the caprice of the season. We have seen some dresses of Swedish blue merino, trimmed with two *rouleaux* of sable; a similar pelerine forming a heart before and behind, trimmed also with *rouleaux* of sable, which produced a pretty effect, and gave an *air polonaise* to this costume. The open sleeves were fastened by knots of satin. Sables of all countries are much worn this winter; each lady adopts them according to her means, and the *boa* seems to indicate the rank of the party. There is so great a difference of price in the qualities of this fur, that although this trimming is sought after by every one, it is sometimes of a price difficult to be attained: such is the real sable fur. We may quote for example, the suit of *boa*, long tippet, collar, sleeves, border of the dress, and lining of the pelisse, prepared for a lady of distinction; which trimming complete cost eighteen thousand francs. (about £720!!!)

Hats of cabbage-green satin, lined with black velvet, and ornamented under the brim by ribands of green satin, are very prevalent. A very beautiful hat of rose-coloured satin, ornamented by a willow of rose and black, with the edge of the brim trimmed with a deep black blond, embroidered in rose-coloured floss silk: this mixture produced a pretty effect on the blond. Hats of velvet, *gros de Naples*, or satin, which are worn *en negligé*, have very long puffs, formed of a broad satin riband, striped, on a black ground, with *ponceau*, blue, or yellow; these puffs are placed all round the crown.

Dresses of Turkish velvet are now in high repute for evening parties: they are made without plaits round the shape, the thickness of the stuff not admitting them. They are trimmed with blond, or with two rows of long points bordered with a fringe, made of pearl loops, and shaded with colours similar to the dress. There are some still more elegant, trimmed with bouquets of feathers fastened by a knot of embroidered gauze

ribands; they are placed at a hand's distance from each other, and ought to correspond with a head-dress of plumes, and frequently with a *boa* of marabouts.

The grand ball which took place the other evening at the apartments of the Duchess de Berry, was attended by more than five hundred persons. Luxury, elegance, and good taste, shone in the different apartments, which were variously decorated. The presence of the dauphin and dauphiness, that of the Duke of Orleans, and five branches of his family, formed the first signal of the interest which this superb fête displayed; at nine o'clock, the King honoured the ball with his presence; his majesty and their Royal highnesses retired at midnight. At two o'clock in the morning, the dancing was interrupted by a magnificent banquet, at the termination of which, dancing recommenced and continued until five o'clock. The dresses of the ladies assembled on this brilliant occasion were of the most elegant and varied kind. Nearly all the trimmings of the dresses ascended as high as the knee, and the greater part of the waists descended nearly as low as the hips: the *corsages* were much figured on the shoulders; many small ruffles were placed at the bottom of the short sleeves. The head-dresses were exceedingly elevated; the bouquets *à la Boursault*, fastened at the middle of the *corsage*, distinguished all those ladies whose toilet admitted flowers, and attested by their great number the rapidity with which this graceful mode has become in favour this winter.

Beret-turbans of black velvet, of a flat ground, a little arched on the forehead, are ornamented with large shells of velvet placed on each side towards the temples. A large tress of gold crosses the front of the beret, and is arrested on each side by shells, discovering the acorns of gold by which it is terminated. A small cap of black blond, ornamented with green flowers intermixed in the blond in front, and matched to the green gauze ribands which ornament the front of the head, is very becoming to those ladies of fair complexion. At present we remark a number of feathers in the head-dresses, of hair; they supply, in a great measure, the pretty marabouts, the use of which declines insensibly. They are only employed this winter as accessories to other ornaments.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

OUR task is done! on Ganges' breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.

With furl'd sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.

Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through:
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dark and rude,
The tyger holds his solitude;
Nor, (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake,
Can shelter in so cool a brake:
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
Mid nature's embers, parched and dry.
Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
He peaceful spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death!
Come on! yet pause; behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,

Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and fragrant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plaintain's humbler shade,
And dark anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's "Good green wood?"
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain,)
To gaze upon her oaks again?

A truce to thought! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confess,
The broad ahatura bows her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the rocks of night;
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum:
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigola strikes his lyre:

And what is she, whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell!
 It is—it must be—*Philomel!*

'Enough, enough! the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But oh! with thankful hearts, confess
 Even here there may be happiness;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth—His hope of heaven.

TO MY SISTERS, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

OCEANS divide us,—billows roar,
 My Mary dear, 'twixt you and me;
 And many a day must pass before,
 Dear Lucy, I shall gaze on thee:
 But trust me, in a brother's heart,
 Through every change of good or ill;
 Both of you have reserved a part,
 Sacred to you, my sisters, still.

Oft as the sunbeams fade at eve,
 With joy I bid the light adieu;
 That seems to tell me at its leave,
 It only flies to shine on you:*
 And when at blushing morn it comes,
 Bright seems its glowing light to me;
 For oh! upon each beam here blooms,
 A welcoming, dear girls, from thee.

* The reader need scarcely be reminded that when it is eight o'clock here, it is six in the morning, in Van Dieman's Land.

When lingering in the silent night,
And gazing upon Heaven's brow ;
I pause to ask, beneath its light,
"Where is my Mary roaming now ?"
As round the blazing hearth we're met,
There seems a place reserved,—and there,
Some fond voice says with vain regret,
'That was our darling Lucy's chair !'

Our ev'nning rambles, and our schemes
For future bliss, when life was new ;
Alas ! they were but idle dreams,
Too bright, too lovely, to be true :
Like stars that fall in summer's night,
Are the day-dreams we cannot banish,
As bright, as brief, we hail their sight,
And love them, though we know they'll vanish.

My childhood's follies,—boyhood's faults,
Are anguish to me ;—time and truth
Hold up their glass ;—my mind revolts
At view of my untoward youth.
And oh ! by many a memory stung,
I weep warm tears of madd'ning pain ;
That e'er by act or word I wrung
The breasts I may not press again.

For vanished hours and scenes arise,
Like echoes on the mind and heart,
That tell us we too lightly prize
Our dearest joys, 'till they depart ;
And then—oh ! then, afar, alone,
What would we barter to regain,
The look, the smile, the voice, the tone,
We look for, listen for in vain.

When shall we meet again ? Alas !
Full many an hour I ask me this,
As former days in memory pass,
Pale spectres of departed bliss :

"When shall we meet," 'tis vain to ask;
 But we *shall* meet, mid smile and tears,
 To tell of many a weary task,
 The toils, the griefs of parted years—

Shall meet as we were wont to meet
 And mingle round our mother's hearth,
 And hours as bright, and words as sweet,
 Are yet to bloom for as on earth,
 Enmingled all that's near and dear,
 To every mind and every heart;
 Free too from every care and fear,
 No more to sigh—no more to part.

1827.

WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'TWAS a lovely thought to mark the hours
 As they floated in light away,
 By the opening and the folding flowers,
 That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 And its graceful cup or bell,
 In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
 Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
 In a golden current on,
 Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
 The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
 Those days of song and dreams—
 When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
 By the blue Arcadian streams.

* This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnaeus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
 Far off in a breezeless main,
 Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
 Hath sought—but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
 Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
 By the closing of one hope's delight,
 And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
 Shutting in turn, may leave
 A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
 A charm for the shaded eve.

SCOTCH SONG.

The ice has left the wimpling burn,
 And verdure smiles on every tree;
 But ah, in vain soft Spring's return,
 'Tis dreary winter still to me!

In vain the zephyr, Spring's ain child,
 Now decks the earth wi' cheerfu' vest;
 While Passion's tempest, drear an' wild,
 Is rending still this troubled breast.

In vain soft Flora hastes to shed,
 Around her gems, sae bonnily,
 That bloom—Affection's blossoms fled,
 The thorns alone remain wi' me!

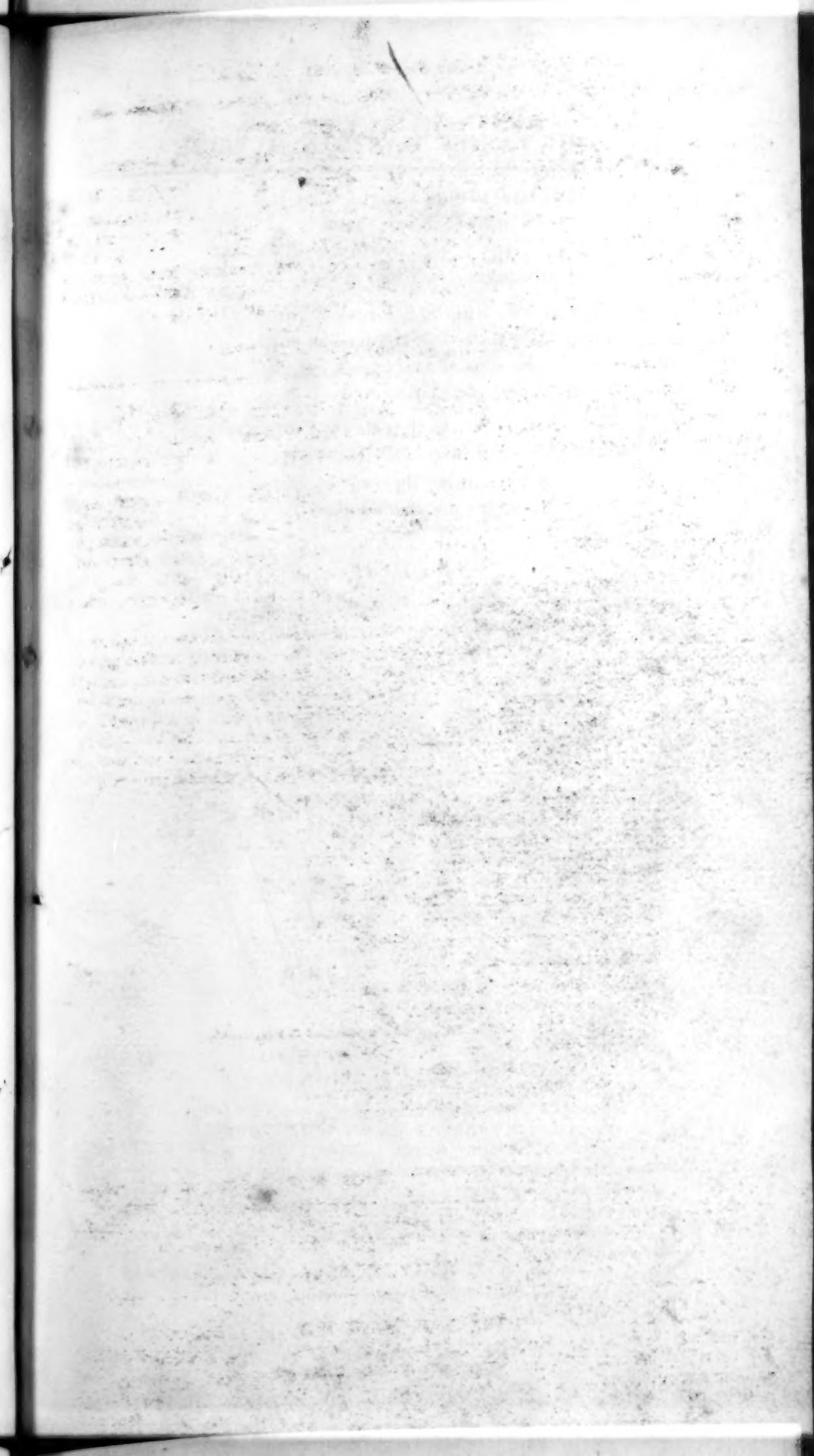
While she I lo'ed sae dear, was true,
 Spring softly smiled wi' kindliest power,
 But now she scorns an' shuns me too,
 'Tis dreary winter's blackest hour.

C. M.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The principal incidents as narrated in "The Widow," are facts;—but we are requested by the author to state, that as they are facts, very generally known in the neighbourhood where the writer resided, and where they occurred, it has been thought expedient to disguise them so far as to prevent pain to the feelings of individuals.—This intimation will suffice for those of our readers who may recognize in the history of "The Widow," the vicissitudes and story of a lady well known to many of our countrymen, who served in the British army, at the period of Massena's retreat from Portugal, in 1811.

Indisposition prevents our looking over the favours we have received from several correspondents; we trust, however, we shall be able to notice them in our next.





Painted by Miss Rose Emma Drummond.

Engraved by T. Weddell.

Madame Sala.

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